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GLADSTONE'S ODES OF HORACE.

BY E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D.

[ποτε λήγεις
Σχέρλιος ἔδδοι γεραῖέ, σὺ νὺν πόνον ὄν-
δὲν δ' αὐμῆχανος ἔδδοι γεραῖέ.
Hom. Iliad X., 164.

"Beshrew thy heart, old man! No labor seems
For thee too hard
Thou dost too much, old man."
Lord Derby's Translation.

HORACE was too sensible to be ignorant of his merits as a poet, and too honest to affect such ignorance. He tells us plainly that he knows his works will survive him, and that his fame as a poet will reach the furthest limits of the known world. This is indeed the argument of the last odes of the second and third books. In the former, he playfully writes that he feels the wings of the immortal bird of song springing from his shoulders, and the down gathering on his fingers, and in the latter, intended at the time as his final song, he breaks out exultingly in a pæan of triumph, when, putting as it were the coping stone on his finished works, he exclaims, "Exegi monumentum ore perennius," ("I have reared a monument more durable than brass,") and in the same ode he adds, "Non omnis moriar," etc., which Gladstone renders:

"Not all of me shall die; my praise
Shall grow and never end."

If the spirit of the poet can look down from the Elysian fields or wher-

ever else it may be, and cares to know what has happened and is happening on this earth, he would see that his anticipations have been more than realized. From the day the stylus of the poet inscribed the lines quoted above, until now, his poems have been the solace and delight of each successive generation of scholars, especially of English scholars, and have been published again and again in every European language, and to-day (what Horace certainly could not have foreseen), he is as great a favorite with the scholars of the New World as with those of the Old; so that one of the former, an enthusiastic admirer and graceful translator of his odes, is justified in writing—

"Now on strong wing through upper air,
Two worlds beneath, the old and new,
The Roman swan is wafted where
The Roman eagles never flew." *

Within the last thirty or forty years several excellent English translations of the Odes have appeared. But his admirers cannot be held in check, and the work still goes on apace; the last translation, the one now under consideration, being by our English political Nestor, the old man eloquent, who in his 85th year has found time (in a brief interval of enforced idle-

* John Osborne Sargent—Horatian Echoes.

ness) to give the world yet another doing into English of the four books of Odes, and the *Carmina Seculare*. While the work affords fresh proof, if such were needed, of the intellectual vigor of the octogenarian author, it will hardly add much to his literary fame. I confess, at least, that I have been not a little disappointed with it. The splendid literary reputation of the author, his wonderful mastery of the English language, which all acknowledge, led one possibly to expect too much, to look, in fact, for a *chef d'œuvre* at his hands. This it certainly is not; indeed, it will not compare favorably with many of the translations which we have had in our hands for years; certainly not with the fine metrical translation by Lord Lytton, the poetical and finished translation of Sir Theodore Martin, the scholarly and faithful one of Professor Conington, nor with that of the American scholar, the friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Osborne Sargent, to whom I have already referred, and least of all with the exquisite renderings of Sir Stephen De Vere, or any of the dozen odes which that accomplished scholar, Goldwin Smith, has translated and published (unfortunately for private circulation only) in his exquisite literary bijou, "Bay Leaves."

I have long looked on the last ode of the first book, that to his attendant, beginning 'Persicos odi,' as a crucial ode for Horatian translators; partly, no doubt, because Lord Lytton, himself a poet and an accomplished translator of the Odes, pronounced this particular ode untranslatable, and partly because I had myself, in ignorance at the time, let me add, of Lord Lytton's dictum, tried on it my 'prentice hand. Certain it is that this ode, short and simple as it is, has for some reason baffled translators. I turned, therefore, eagerly over the pages of my "Gladstone," to see how this test ode had come out of his hands.

The ode is short, and is, in my judgment, a perfect gem, simple, elegant, and transparent as crystal—an example of Horace at his best.

It is thus translated by Gladstone:

"Off with the Persian gear, I hate it,
Hate the wreaths with limebark bound.
Care not where the latest roses
Linger on the ground.

"Bring me myrtle, nought but myrtle!
Myrtle, boy, will well combine,
Thee attending, me carousing,
'Neath the trellised vine."

This is by no means up to what I expected. There is no finish or elegance about it, no "translation of 'poesie into poesie.'" Why "Linger on the ground." Where else could the roses linger? and what is meant by "combine," in the second verse? How can the myrtle "combine" Horace and his attendant? Surely they are not to be tied together with myrtle. The lines certainly do not convey Horace's idea that the myrtle was equally suitable as a wreath for master and attendant.

If the test ode which I selected was a fair sample of the whole work, I felt that the last literary performance of the Grand Old Man would not add to his reputation, and this is the conclusion to which a careful study of the work has brought me. There are, no doubt, some striking, bold and effective translations, many good ones, and all are marked by what Gladstone considers the matter of most importance—*compression*: so far, at least, as the number of lines and words is concerned—a compression, however, which is occasionally fatal to the meaning. One of the most spirited is the noble ode addressed to a ship, (Book I, 14):

"O ship! new billows sweep thee out
Seaward. What wilt thou? hold the port,
be stout.
Seest not? thy mast
How rent by stiff south-western blast,

"Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?
Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,

Can ill sustain
The fierce and ever fiercer main ;

“ Thy gods, no more than sails entire,
From whom yet once thy need might aid
require,
O Pontic pine,
The first of woodland stocks is thine,

“ Yet race and name are but as dust.
Not painted sterns give storm-tost seamen
trust.
Unless thou dare
To be the sport of storms, beware.

“ Of old at best a weary weight,
A yearning care and constant strain of late ;
O shun the seas
That gird these glittering Cyclades.”

This fine ode is generally considered a political allegory : but is addressed, I think, not to the Republic, as is generally assumed, but (as Buttman and Lord Lytton contend), to the political party to which Horace had belonged, and with which he had fought, and “in remonstrance against their launching once more into civil war under Sextus Pompeius.”

We can imagine the translation being made by Gladstone during one of the great political crises of our history in which he was interested, and of which he might probably have used Virgil's words,

“ Quæque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui.”

“ These piteous sights 'twas mine to see.
Yea, bear large part therein.” *

However that may be, the translator seems fired by the theme, and has certainly given us a vigorous translation. But it surely is not hypercritical to say that the meaning of the third verse is not clear, and the grammatical construction past finding out. Indeed, the author seems to imagine that the “*Quidlibet audendi potestas*,” the chartered privilege of poets, entitles their translators utterly to set at naught, when it suits them,

the commonplace rules of grammar. Let us now see Gladstone's translation of the well-known ode to Pyrrha (Book I—V) an ode interesting as being the only one, I think, translated by Milton.

TO PYRRHA.

“ What scented stripling, Pyrrha, woes thee
now,
In pleasant grotto, all with roses fair ?
For whom those auburn tresses braided
thou

With simple care ?

“ Full oft shall he thine altered faith bewail,
His altered gods ; and his unwonted gaze
Shall watch the waters darkening to the
gale

In wild amaze.

“ Who, now believing, gloats on golden
charms ;
Who hopes thee ever void, and ever kind ;
Nor knows thy changeful heart, nor the
alarms

Of changeful mind.

“ For me, let Neptune's temple-wall declare
How, safe escaped, in votive offering,
My dripping garments own, suspended
there.

Him Ocean-King.

This ode was, we are told in a note, first published in 1859, and seems more carefully finished than the majority of the translations, and yet even in this ode there are very many faults. The second verse is certainly obscure, as a writer in the December number of *Blackwood* (put into my hands, when this article was nearly finished), points out. “Ever void” is certainly an incorrect rendering of Horace's “*semper vacuum*.” Pyrrha's lovers did not, he says, hope to find their mistress “ever void,” though they probably hoped she would be “vacua”—that is, ready to receive them with open arms when they came : and, after noticing other blemishes and omissions, he truly says, “the declaring Neptune Ocean-King, in the last verse, is a sheer superfluity,” and it most certainly is not Horace.

Take next Gladstone's version of the favorite ode to the fountain of

*The writer is glad of the opportunity to call attention to the scholarly and elegant translation (from which this is taken), of the *Æneid* by his friend and class-fellow, the late Rev. W. J. Thornhill, M.A., Trin. Coll. Dub.

Bandusia (Book III—13), in the neighborhood of the poet's birthplace:

"O Fountain meet for flowers and wine,
Bandusia, more than mirror bright,
A kid to-morrow shall be thine
Whose forehead augurs love's delight,

"And battles, by the bursting horn;
But vainly: ere the sun be high,
His blood, although so wanton-born,
Thy cooling streams with red shall dye.

"Thee never doth the Dog-Star strike
At fiercest; to plough-wearied ox
Thy cool, refreshing touch alike
Thou lendest, and to ranging flocks.

"Thee, too, with fame my muse shall bless,
Still singing how the ilex bends
O'er the deep-hollowed cave's recess,
From whence thy babbling stream
descends."

The translation, especially of the third verse, lacks the simplicity and ease of the original, and I question whether the "plough-wearied ox" or the "ranging flocks" would be satisfied with merely the loan of the "refreshing touch" of the stream. "The touch of a vanished hand" would be about as likely to quench their thirst.

As a whole, the translation is, in my opinion, quite inferior to the renderings of the same ode by any of the translators named in the beginning of this paper. Take Goldwin Smith's.

"Spring of Bandusia, crystal clear,
Worthy this cup of mantling wine.
These votive flowers which now I bear;
To-morrow shall a kid he thine.

"Yon kid, whose horns begin to bud,
And tell how he shall love and fight
In vain! the little wanton's blood
Is doomed to dye thy streamlet bright.

"Midsummer's noon, with scorching ray
Taints not thy virgin wave, and dear
Is its cool draught at close of day
To wandering flock and weary steer.

"Thou, too, shalt be a spring renowned,
If verse of mine can fame bestow
On yonder grot, with holm oak crowned,
From which thy babbling waters flow."

This "crystal clear" translation, to adopt Goldwin Smith's words, and all his other translations, especially his

rendering of the ode addressed by Horace to his *cask* (Book III-21), seem to me to be perfect bits of work. While they have the ease and freedom of original poetry, they faithfully reproduce the thoughts and spirit of the author, and are marked at the same time with a finish, a terseness and elegance, and withal a "a curiosa felicitas verborum," (a curious felicity of wording) which Horace himself might envy.

In the early part of this paper I spoke somewhat dubiously as to the whereabouts of Horace in the land of spirits. The matter is set at rest by the article in Blackwood to which I have referred. This being, in fact, a letter addressed to "Maga," signed by Horace himself and dated, "The Elysian Fields, Nov., 1894," what more satisfactory evidence as to his present domicile could one have? Horace in his letter complains of the treatment meted out to him at Gladstone's hands in his translation, which he had no doubt discussed with Homer, Virgil, Dante, and others of his friends and companions in Elysium. He points out innumerable instances in which he has been mistranslated, his sentences broken up and made nonsense of, and many foolish and impertinent things put into his mouth which he had never uttered. He is particularly annoyed with the havoc made with his favorite ode to Dellius (Book II., 3), beginning "*Æquam memento rebus in arduis*," the third verse of which in the translation has no sense as it stands, and he specially objects to the translation of "*Omnes Eodem cogimur*," ("All, All, we drive to doom,") whereas the meaning is "We are all forced to go upon the same road."

It would be easy to multiply instances of false, incorrect, and misleading translations; but it would be a tedious and unpleasant task. I shall now note some examples of defective and poor versification. What shall we say to such a line as:

"It's honeyed fields to Hybla *not* "
or to this:

"Proud and envied palace *not* "

The "*not*" is needed at the end of the line to rhyme with "*spot*" in one case, and with "*cot*" in the other. Or again to this:

"As quitting earth for food, I so "

or the third line in this verse on the Ode to Augustus (Book 1, 22):

"Long be thy joyous reign in Rome,
Late the return to Heaven be won,
Nor earlier *take thy passage home*,
Our manners, foul with sin, to shun."

The whole verse is poor, and the third line, referring to the flight of Augustus to Heaven, sets us wondering by what steamer he was going, and hoping, that when "*taking his passage*," he was not too late to secure a comfortable state-room.

In some of his odes Horace is confessedly obscure, and it is far from easy to trace the sequence of thought throughout the ode. This obscurity is, no doubt, partly due to his marvelous compression, partly to the frequent allusions to persons, places and things, which, while clear as day to his contemporaries, are by no means clear to readers in other countries far removed in time from the author. In the lighter odes there is usually no obscurity. They are transparent and clear as the waters of his own Bandusian fountain. But in his heroic or Dithyrambic lyrics, when, in his own words, the poet "*Pindarum studet æmulari*," and, striking a louder and bolder note upon his lyre, he would, Pindar-like, sing of gods and kings and battles, then he gives a free rein to his imagination, and in his '*fine frenzy*' the thoughts crowd too thickly upon him, and he becomes occasionally obscure. In such cases Gladstone's translation seldom helps the reader. Frequently indeed, his language is involved, and increases the obscurity, and the Horatian scholar who wishes

to grasp the meaning of an ode will often be forced to turn from the translation to the original. In justice to Gladstone it should be said that the obscurity in his case may be due, partly at least, to the rigid canon which he lays down "*as a special necessity of translation from Horace*," — the necessity of compression, Milton and Conington are, he thinks, the only translators of Horace who have appreciated the importance of compression. Conington, however, while he is quite as compressed as Gladstone, is never obscure, and often in his translation throws light on the obscure passages in the original. Gladstone has done wisely, I think, (and it is a pleasure to find something to approve of,) in omitting for the sake of decency some passages in the odes, and in concealing the grossness or indelicacy of other passages, by, as he says in very characteristic language, "*words which are a paraphrase in mitigation*." But, in this Gladstone has merely followed the example of most recent translators of the Venusian bard.

Looking at the whole work which I have been reviewing it seems to me that it may not be inaptly characterized, as Lord Randolph Churchill characterized the first Home Rule Bill which the author introduced to Parliament, "*Gladstone in a hurry*:" and the result shews that even a gifted Gladstone cannot hope to dash off *in a hurry* successful translations of the elaborately finished lyrics, '*operosa carmina*,' Horace himself calls them, of the great Augustan poet. Like the feat of the poet who Horace tells us, dictated two hundred verses standing on one leg, the performance may be marvellous as an intellectual and physical *tour de force*, but it would not be likely to give us good poetry.

In England the translation we have been dealing with is commonly known as the '*Hawarden Horace*.' This becomes, according to the perverse English practice of mispronouncing proper names, the "*Harden Horace*," and

some cruel wag, possibly an irreverent Etonian of Tory lineage, has suggested that it be called the "Hard-on-Horace." The Eton youth has my forgiveness.

A word, in conclusion, in reference to the extract from Homer at the head of this paper. It is, as Homeric scholars will remember, part of a remonstrance addressed by Diomed to

the aged Nestor, when the latter was starting on an enterprise which Diomed thought should have been left by him to younger men. It is a pity that some friendly Diomed did not address this remonstrance to our English Nestor (the Greek would have pleased him), to dissuade him from his last literary enterprise.

THE LAKE.

All the golden bars of light
That cold, gray winter hid from sight,
Now falling soft athwart the lake,
Into glittering jewels break.

All the waves that seemed to swoon
To silence 'neath the winter moon,
Now ripple on the lake afar,
And call unto the evening star.

Now the water's whispering,
Sweet as memories of life's spring,
Again breaks sweetly on the air,
Wild as passion—soft as prayer.

It takes the winds upon its breast,
And rocks, and rocks them into rest,
Singing, ever soft and low,
The song that only waters know.

The shimmering pale moonlight,
Parts the mantle of the night;
And when it falls, and lingers there
On its bosom, seems most fair.

WYNDOM BROWNE.



THE RE-ARMAMENT OF THE MILITIA.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES F. WINTER.

Special List, Active Militia of Canada.

THE members of the Canadian Militia, and their friends throughout the Dominion, are at the present awaiting with much anxiety the decision of the Federal Authorities at Ottawa regarding the adoption of a new infantry arm to replace their old friend the "Snider," now left hopelessly in the rear and rendered completely obsolete by the general adoption for military purposes of the new rifles of small calibre.

For over a quarter of a century the old Snider rifle (now often irreverently termed the "gas-pipe"), has given Canada good and faithful service, and, though no serious complaints have followed its use under service conditions, in '66, '70 and '85, it is generally conceded and admitted that it is no longer a fit arm for the Force, and that the time has come for the substitution therefor of a modern weapon of precision. The Department of Militia and Defence are agreed that a change should be made, and the present General Officer commanding the Militia has been most energetic in urging the adoption of a new arm; indeed to Major-General Herbert belongs the credit of being the first to practically bring to a head "the consummation so devoutly to be wished," and we now have the gratification of knowing definitely that a change will be made. This decision, however, was reached last year, and, though all important in its way, is now overshadowed by the query which naturally follows it: "What particular rifle is to be adopted?"

To Canada the expense of re-arming her militia is considerable, but to provide for this, as was generally understood, the customary camps of instruction and drill of the rural corps

were not held last year, thus saving at least \$220,000; and a special vote of \$58,600 "for providing modern fire-arms" was, in addition, granted by Parliament at its last session; so that the plea of "no funds" which has so often done duty to ward off applications for the improvement of our Canadian militia should not be advanced in the present instance. These votes, however, unless expended before the close of the current financial year, will lapse and become unavailable for purposes of re-armament, and friends of the militia will again have to urge and solicit for a re-vote, probably a very difficult thing to obtain under possibly altered fiscal conditions. The present, therefore, is the time to act, and it is hoped that the Department having decided to re-arm may go further and obtain a portion at least of the rifles needed before the fiscal year expires on the 30th of June.

One of the most essential qualifications of an infantry arm for the Canadian Militia is that it should be of the same calibre and take the same cartridge as the rifle in H. M.'s regular army, so that in the event of our militia being called upon to co-operate with Imperial troops, should the necessity for such arise, no confusion could possibly occur through the supply of two different kinds or sizes of ammunition, such as would very likely happen were the arms of the two forces dissimilar. This has been wisely recognized by General Herbert in the weapon which in Canada will in all probability be long associated with his name—the "Martini--Metford." Two types of this weapon have been received in the Dominion—one, essen-

tially the "Martini-Henry," with barrel bored to a calibre of .303 in., and with the "Metford" rifling—the breech action being the "Martini,"—in other words, a "Martini-Henry" pure and simple, with barrel bored to .303 of an inch, instead of .45 of an inch,—the other, a "M. H." butt, stock and breech action, but with a "Metford" barrel, such as is made for the "Lee-Metford," substituted for "Henry's." Both, of course, are single loaders, and both take the Imperial Lee-Metford regulation cartridge. The first is the arm familiarly known last summer among militiamen as "the General's rifle," though, to do that gallant officer justice, it is but right to state that this is somewhat of a libel, and that General Herbert desired to see the Canadian Militia equipped with something better than that much abused, converted small-bore.

A number of the first mentioned rifles were distributed to the various shooting centres last summer, but the impressions formed by the great majority of the militiamen were much adverse to its adoption for the Force. While, in some instances excellent shooting was made with it (the writer on two successive trials over Queen's ranges made 90 and 91 points respectively, without any previous experience with the rifle whatever) yet the increased weight of the barrel, due to the diminished calibre of .303 in a barrel originally made and intended for a calibre of .45 in., caused the rifle to be excessively heavy and badly balanced, or, as it was commonly called, "top-heavy." The great advantage was the utter absence of recoil, a circumstance heightened by the weight of the rifle, but one which is common to all the low calibre improved small arms of precision.

In the second rifle, *i. e.*, a "M.H." stock and breech, fitted with "Metford" barrel, the disadvantage of excessive barrel weight is obviated by the barrel itself, before boring, being made much lighter than the "Henry"

barrel, and the weapon is, of course, as well balanced and handy as any "Martini-Henry." For all practical purposes, as a single-loader, this rifle is equally as good, if not better, as owing to its lightness and easy manipulation, than the "Lee-Metford" itself, and were the friends of the Canadian Militia content to see the Force armed with a single-loader, the "Martini-Metford proper" would undoubtedly be their choice.

But, should not our Government take higher ground and look further ahead than the mere present? Knowing how vital to our young country is the question of expense, and, judging the future by past experience, it is highly improbable that, once a change of armament is effected, any further change can be expected, except under the most dire necessity, for the next thirty or forty years. Great care should therefore be exercised in the selection of an arm, and nothing short of the best available weapon should be procured, so that the danger of it being rendered obsolete before many years would be avoided.

At present none of the nations of the world are content with a single loading offensive equipment for their defensive forces, and, as appears by the following table, which, through the courtesy of Major Perley, R.L., I am permitted to present, all have adopted rifles with one or other form of magazine attachment:

From this it will be seen that the single-loader as a military arm has been abandoned; and for military purposes, it is not too much to say that, at the present time, rifles of this type, no matter of what calibre, are now as obsolete as is the old-fashioned single-loading pistol. Who, desirous of obtaining an efficient small arm suitable for personal or house defence, would be content to purchase a single-loading pistol, when, at the same time, he could procure a modern six-shooter, even though the former might take the same cartridge as the latter, and

MODERN SMALL ARMS OF PRECISION ADOPTED BY VARIOUS NATIONS.

NATION.	SYSTEM ADOPTED.	TYPE.	CALIBRE Inches	MUZZLE VELOCITY, Ft. per Sec.	SIGHTED TO YARDS.	NO. OF CAR- TRIDGES IN MAGAZINE.	WEIGHT OF 100 CAR- TRIDGES, lbs.
Argentina.....	Mausers, 1891	Repeater	.304	2120	5	6.20
Austria.....	Mannlicher, 1888	"	.315	2060	2500	5	7.16
Belgium.....	Mausers, 1889	"	.301	2170	2050	5	6.41
Bulgaria.....	Mannlicher, 1888	"	.315	2060	2100	5	7.16
China.....	Lee	"	.330	2000	5
Chili.....	Mannlicher, 1888	"	.315	2060	2500	5	7.16
Denmark.....	Krag-Jorgensen, 1889	Cut-off	.315	1770	2000	5	7.00
France.....	Lebel, 1886	"	.315	2050	2000	5	6.15
France.....	Berthier, 1891	Repeater	.301	2130	4	6.30
Germany.....	Mannlicher, 1888	"	.311	2050	2240	5	6.83
Great Britain.....	Lee-Metford, 1891	Cut-off	.303	2000	2900	10	6.50
Holland.....	Mannlicher, 1892	Repeater	.256	2300	5	5.43
Italy.....	Caccano, 1892	"	.256	2320	2100	5	6.00
Japan.....	Murata, 1887	Cut-off	.315	1850	2187	8	6.69
Portugal.....	Kropatchek	"	.315	1760	8	7.70
Romania.....	Mannlicher, 1891	Repeater	.256	2260	5	5.43
Russia.....	Monzin, 1891	"	.290	2100	5	6.12
Spain.....	Mausers, 1891	Cut-off	.295	2050	8
Servia.....	Mausers	"	.315	2050	8
Switzerland.....	Schmidt, 1889	Cut-off	.295	1920	2100	12	6.53
Sweden.....	Krag-Jorgensen	"	.315	2100	8
Turkey.....	Mausers 1890	Repeater	.301	2100	5	6.24
United States Army.	Krag-Jorgensen, 1892	Cut-off	.300	2060	5	5.86
United States Navy.	"	"	.236	2400	not yet decided.
Militia of Canada....	Snider-Enfield	Single-Loader	.577	1100	900	none.	10.54

be equally effective for single discharges? Why, no one who was desirous of obtaining the best weapon, would do so, and it would undoubtedly be considered that any difference in cost was more than outweighed by the increased rapid-fire facilities of the revolver. This, then, is exactly the position taken by the friends of the militia. "Now that a change of arms is to be made, *give us the best.*"

As to that best, I believe there can be but one opinion—the Lee-Metford magazine rifle should be the one adopted—the same as that now used by the Imperial troops, and with which eleven shots can be fired rapidly without once taking the piece from the shoulder. Exhaustive trials were made by the home authorities, prior to its adoption by the British Services, and three or four years' usage by troops at home and abroad have confirmed the good opinions of the experts engaged in testing its practical qualifications. It is true that our cousins to the south of us claim that in the "Krag-Jorgensen" they have an arm somewhat better than the "Lee-Metford," but the two weapons

are so closely allied in calibre and shooting power, that no great apprehension need be felt on that score. The "Lee's" magazine contains ten cartridges to the "Krag's" five, and it is quite possible that with a slightly improved cartridge for the "Lee," it could be made to shoot as "wicked" as any other weapon in existence.

The fact that in the very exhaustive trials made by the U. S. Ordnance Board is 1892-93 for the selection of a new rifle for the U. S. Army, and in which thirty of the best improved modern rifles of the world began the tests, but three finally survived, and of these the British "Lee-Metford" was one,* should be a very fair guarantee of its excellence as a military arm. The "Lee-Metford" Cavalry Carbine—a seven-shot repeater,—has already been adopted by our North-West Mounted Police, and the leader of our House of Commons (Hon. G. E. Foster), paid a tribute to its excellence in replying to a question in the House a few days ago. He stated that the arming of the Force

* Known in the trials as the "Lee-Speed," though virtually and practically the "Lee-Metford."

with "Lee-Metfords" had so increased its efficiency and power that a reduction in the number of men and horses could now safely be made, with a consequent decrease in expenditure to the Dominion. The same increase in power and efficiency would result in our Militia were they equipped with the "Lee-Metford" infantry arm.

Of course, the "Lee-Metford" costs more, much more than the converted Martini, or the "Martini-Metford" proper. The figures given by the Militia Department, are, we understand, £4 10s. 2d. for the former, and £2 11s. 10d. for the latter, the low price of the converted arm, presumably being due to the small value placed upon the "Martini" breech-action, butt, and stock; those rifles being now, to the British Government, since the adoption of the "Lee-Metford," so much depreciated stock on hand.

Mr. Rigby, Supt. of the Small Arms Factory at Enfield, gives the actual cost of the new "Lee-Metford" as £3 12s. 5d. or \$17.62 in our currency. This is a very cheap figure for an improved modern magazine arm, especially when we consider that the Department at Ottawa still places the original value of \$15.20 upon the long, and \$18.52 upon the short Snider rifle with which our battalions are armed, and captains of companies unfortunate enough to lose or mislay rifles belonging to their command are still religiously charged for them at the above rates,—this, too, quite irrespective of thirty years wear and tear, and the fact that now, owing to improvements in small arms generally, they are really worth, as a military rifle, but little more than old iron! Taking these figures into consideration, the cost of the "Lee-Metfords" is not the bug-bear some would make it, as, after all, their cost would be not greatly in excess of what was originally paid for our old Sniders.

The great merit of the new small calibres are, undoubtedly, their ready

adaptability to the chief requirements of rapid-fire, magazine rifles, causing, as they do, a much greater consumption of cartridges than formerly, and necessitating a ready supply of ammunition greatly in excess of that hitherto carried upon his person by the soldier in the field, and in the reserve trains in his immediate vicinity.

A reference to the last column in the table I have given shows the great saving in weight effected by the adoption of the small calibre arms. Whereas 100 Snider cartridges, as carried by our Militia, weigh 10.54 lbs., the same number of cartridges for the "Lee-Metford," weigh but 6½ lbs. In other words, a soldier with the "Lee-Metford," and carrying the same weight of ammunition as our militiaman, would have 162 cartridges in his pouches, to our 100. With the "Krag-Jorgensen," the difference is even greater; bearing the same weight, the U. S. soldier could carry 180 rounds to the Canadian's 100, and, besides, there are the greater power and effectiveness of the foreign weapon, and the advantages of its magazine attachment to be considered in addition.

One very great advantage a magazine arm certainly has over a single loader, even though the latter be of the very same calibre and power for single discharges as the former, is the moral support it gives men to have in their hands an arm on which they can rely for rapid work, at a critical moment when heavy concentrated fire may be of the utmost value and necessity. We well know the uncomfortable feeling that prevailed in 1885, both among our volunteers in the field and their friends at home, when it was known that the Rebels were largely armed with Winchester repeaters, as against our Sniders, and though the writer by no means venerates the former, nor despises the latter for its services in the North-west, still, the fact of his weapon of offence being a magazine one, gives wonderful confidence to the man

behind it. I believe it would be perfectly idle, were a Canadian force called upon to meet one armed, say with the "Krag-Jorgensen," to endeavor to restore the lack of confidence that would be felt, by assuring the militiamen that their weapon (we will presume the "Martini-Metford,") shot just as strongly, and was just as powerful and effective as that of their opponents. It would not do—nothing would do but the repeating rifle itself, in such a case.

In his own experience the writer has a very vivid recollection of a practical example of magazine fire versus that of a single-loader. Lying behind a Snider, in the skirmish line, upon a hillside in our North-West in '85, opposing some Half-breeds and Indians armed with "Winchesters" and concealed in the scrub some 150 or 200 yards away, it was remarkable how quickly one got the impression, after a series of rapid shots in quick succession from the scrub, that we were opposed by a force greatly outnumbering our own—they fired so much more frequently than we could that of course we felt the men must be there to correspond, and, as Kipling says, "Is it bad when the skirmish line feels thusly." So it can easily be seen what a great advantage it is to have a good magazine arm, and that a small body of men armed with repeating rifles might easily be a match for a much larger party having single-loaders only.

It seems beyond argument that the tendency of the times, in conjunction with the adoption of a repeating small arm for military purposes, points to an expected advantage to be derived from great rapidity and concentration of fire, such as up to the present time has not been obtained from the single loader; else why have all the nations gone to the great expense of rapid-fire guns and magazine rifles? Exhaustive and expensive trials have been made. The detailed results of most of these are accessible to our

authorities, and we know that so far the practical result has been the adoption of the magazine rifle with cut-off system for the armed forces of the Great Powers. By "cut-off" is meant an attachment whereby the rifle can at will, and instantly, be utilized as a single-loader, or for rapid magazine fire, by the simple movement of a small door or shutter, which cuts-off, or permits at will, the cartridges to be forced up in position for firing by the spring in the magazine. This is the case with the "Lee-Metford." With the shutter closed, it would ordinarily be used as a single loader, the ten cartridges in the magazine being held as a reserve for that critical moment which comes some time in all conflicts of armed humanity. Then, a rapid concentrated fire directed on the danger point, and making it impossible for men to live, becomes the great desideratum of the anxious officer charged with the conduct of affairs.

Could this be accomplished against a civilized and highly armed foe by anything less than rapid fire guns and magazine rifles? We doubt very much if single-loaders would answer in this case against an enemy armed with magazines, though I admit the efficacy of the single loading "Martini-Henry" in the very ugly affair of McNeil's Zereba, Soudan, 1885, and also at Abuklea, though at this latter fight the enemy actually drove in and penetrated one side of the British square, notwithstanding the withering fire of the Martinis. This could hardly have been possible had our men then had the "Lee-Metford," but would have been equally possible had they had the "Martini-Metford," such as is now advocated for the Canadian Militia. It may be perfectly true that for a stated given time, say two or three minutes' steady continuous firing, the single-loading Martini can be fired as often as the "Lee-Metford," the latter losing time by the refilling of the magazines; but this is overcome by

the fact that the soldier with the "Lee-Metford" carries several filled magazines, which are easily and quickly substituted for those depleted. Then, again, the extremely critical moment in modern actions cannot now last long, and one or two magazines emptied in rapid fire will in all probability be sufficient. Fancy the effect of magazine rapid fire from a thousand men armed with "Lee-Metfords" upon an enemy advancing into view from behind obstructions, say five or six hundred yards away (or for the matter of that, at any distance from them), or when the commanding officer deems the situation critical and one calling for rapid fire. In a few moments close upon ten thousand shots have been fired in rapid volleys; a few movements of the wrist and fingers, another magazine ready filled is fitted, and another ten thousand is launched forth if necessary; and so on until all the filled magazines carried by the soldiers are exhausted; but, before this occurs I imagine the critical stage, as far as regards that particular attacking party, will have passed. No single-loader could accomplish results like this, and it is to provide for these critical moments, on which the fate of whole campaigns may hang, that the adoption of the magazine principle in nearly all the armies of the world, has been brought about.

Unfortunately the Martini breech-action of the proposed "Martini-Metford" is not such as can be easily utilized for the requirements of a magazine arm, the downward action of the lever being only applicable to a tubular magazine under the barrel, like the "Winchester," or in the stock and butt after the "Spencer" system, both of which are not now thought well of for military purposes, on account of the defects in balance, and liability to accidental explosion of the cartridges while in the magazine. Both these defects, however, are obviated in the "Lee-Metford" central magazine system. But, even if some magazine at-

tachment in time of need may yet be applied to the "Martini-Metford," is it not quite probable that the cost of conversion will make the completed arm, in the long run, much more expensive than the "Lee-Metford," with its excellent magazine, would be now?

Many claim it to be unwise to get these new rifles with cartridges of high power, because we have not rifle ranges suitable for them, and urge this as good ground for their rejection. This certainly should be the very last reason advanced in Canada, where, if one may say it, we are almost noted for our open spaces. When thickly settled older countries, with real estate "away up" to what it is in the Dominion, can find ranges suitable for the new arm, no insurmountable difficulty should be experienced in Canada in doing likewise.

A stock argument used against the adoption of a magazine arm for Canada is, that it is not suitable for our volunteers, and that "it is too complicated for, and, in fact, utterly beyond, our rural militia." No greater libel could, we think, be advanced against Young Canada. Surely, our young fellows are as intelligent, as handy, and as quick in picking up anything, as are Russian moujiks, Bulgarian conscripts, Italian peasants, Turks and Chinese and other foreign levies, all of whom are entrusted with magazine arms. Large numbers of our youth already are familiar with the Winchester sporting repeating rifle. In towns, they work every day, many of them, about the most delicate and complicated machinery, electrical and other. In the country, steam-threshers, self-binding reapers, mowers, and all the modern labor-saving conveniences of the farm, long since gave up their secrets to the Canadian plough-boy. In the majority of foreign lands, no such surroundings have educated the youth of the country to a ready grasp of the modern improvements in all the accessories of civilized life, but still they are entrusted with

magazine rifles of the most improved type. Yet it is gravely stated, in some quarters, that such a weapon would be "rather beyond" our boys!

Again, we are told that the "Lee-*Metford*" itself will soon be superseded in the British Imperial Services by another improved arm. This may be perfectly true—there can be no finality in any arm or implement in this age of progress and invention; but this equally applies to almost all things, and not only to rifles and armament. The Canadian Militia have now been waiting for twenty years for an improved rifle. If we keep on always waiting for the very best before buying, it is most probable we will never have a serviceable rifle at all. Already, improvements are reported on the "*Lee-*Metford**" and "*Krag-Jorgensen*"—not so much in the velocity and range of their projectiles, as in the ability to obtain more rapid fire, and the perfection of the mechanism of the magazine attachment. Captain *Cei*, an Italian officer, is reported to have recently invented a rifle which permits the utilization of twenty cartridges in the magazine without change of position—the firing after the first shot being performed automatically, evidently something after *Maxim's* principle. Upon the occasion of a recent test, it is said twenty shots were delivered in two seconds, and all the bullets struck the object aimed at!

This, however, but emphasizes the propriety of Canada obtaining a magazine arm. Whatever changes or improvements take place, the magazine principle has come to stay, and for military purposes the single-loader, of whatever calibre, is already a "back number." Indians in the West will not purchase a single-loading rifle if by hook or by crook they can obtain a "*Winchester*," and Cuban advices during the past winter tell us that the insurgents there will now scarcely take a single-loader as a gift—nothing but a "*Winchester*," "*Mausers*," "*Spencer*,"

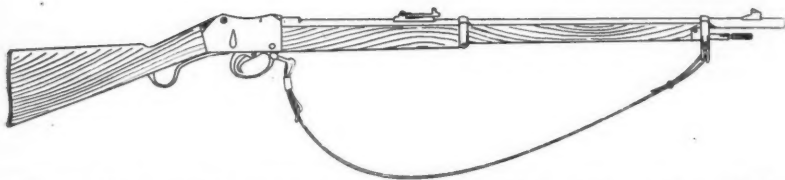
or "*Mannlicher*," will answer their modern taste in this line. Surely Canada should not invest in a class of weapons for her national forces which these people unhesitatingly reject.

The whole question, however, can be covered in a few words. The Government, it is understood, is willing to provide a new rifle for the Militia. It is highly desirable that the calibre of that rifle should be the same as that used by the Imperial troops. Money is to be expended in the purchase of arms. Should not Canadians expect that it should be expended to the best advantage, and that the best weapon available should be procured? Even if the cost is more, let it be spread over a greater period, and let the arms be procured gradually. As single loaders, the "*Martini-*Metford**" and "*Lee-*Metford**" are identical, but the great advantage of the magazine attachment in the latter renders that rifle, in the opinion of the writer, incomparably the better.

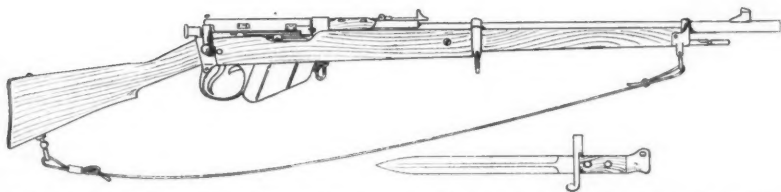
Many well-meaning people will doubtless say, "Why all this talk about rifles? Why expend any money at all for such a purpose? Our present rifles are good enough for all the trouble we will ever have in Canada." Very likely, but circumstances and conditions have changed of late, and we should nationally keep up with the times, just as we try to do so individually. Expenditures on the Militia are, and should be, regarded simply as premiums paid for insurance upon our national belongings. What wise Canadian will be content to remain without adequate insurance upon his property and valuables against fire originating from within, or the devastating holocaust that may come upon him from without? So it is with the cost of the Dominion's Militia—the re-armament of which is now a question of all-absorbing interest to the members and friends of the force, and ought so to be to every citizen of Canada. The cost will be but a very small premium indeed upon the glorious heritage left

us by our fathers. At present that heritage is virtually defenceless—the spirit of our sires and the brawn of their sons are still here as of yore, but the tools put in their hands are decidedly inferior. It is truly time that something should be done, and should not that something be the best

improved arm of the day, combining in itself all the advantages of the modern small-arm of precision? Canada should rest satisfied with nothing short of this, and in time, the writer believes, would find the cost of it to be money well expended. Give us the “Lee-Metford.”



“Martini-Metford” Rifle proposed for the Canadian Militia,—calibre, .303 in., single loader; uses same cartridges as “Lee-Metford.”



“Lee-Metford” Magazine Rifle, as adopted and now used by British Imperial Regular Services,—calibre, .303 in., 10 cartridges in magazine, takes a cordite cartridge with nickel-coated projectile, sighted for 2900 yards—muzzle velocity, 2000 feet per second.

(Drawings kindly furnished by Capt. C. F. Cox, Dept. of Marine and Fisheries Engineers' Branch.)

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE UNIVERSITY.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Q.C.

THE earliest historical record of the grant of Parliamentary representation to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will be found in the Parliamentary writs of election issued in 1300 by Edward I., who has been deservedly styled the English Justinian. The king was eminently a wise and politic ruler; and it is to him, more than any of the earlier sovereigns, the people of England, and the various communities of British origin, are indebted for an intelligent evolution of the principles of English law, and the enactment and improvement of statutes regulating civil and commercial jurisprudence. (a)

The writs of election referred to not only granted the privilege of Parliamentary representation to the Universities, but they also indicated the sovereign's appreciation of University-educated lawyers, and his desire to have their counsel and assistance in the deliberations of Parliament. The phraseology of the writs was exceptional; they were directed to each of the Chancellors, and were specially intitled *De mittendo jurisperitos ad Parliamentum*; and, after reciting the King's desire to have a special conference and discussion with "men learned in the law," and others of his Council, on the rights of dominion appertaining to the English Crown in the kingdom of Scotland, they commanded each Chancellor and his University to choose and send four or five from Oxford, and two or three from Cambridge, of their most discreet and most experienced University men, "learned in the written law," to meet the King in Parliament, at Lincoln, on the octave of Hilary, in order to

advise with the the King and Council. (b)

The permanent grant of Parliamentary representation to these Universities was conceded in 1603, when James I., by Royal Charter, granted the privilege to the Chancellor, masters, and scholars of each of the Universities, to elect and return two members to represent them in Parliament.

Blackstone says that this privilege was granted so that the two University members should "serve for those students, who, though useful members of the community, were neither concerned in the landed nor the trading interests; and to protect, in the Legislature, the republic of letters." (c)

The king's grant of 1603 indicated the reasons for conferring this privilege on the Universities, by the following recital:—"As in the colleges of our University there are many statutes, constitutions, etc.; and, as in past times, and especially of late, many statutes and acts of Parliament have been made concerning them, it therefore appears to us worth while, and necessary, that the said University should have burgesses of its own in Parliament, who, from time to time, may make known to the Supreme Court of Parliament the true state of that University, so that no statute or act may offer any prejudice or injury to them, or any of them severally, without just and due notice." (d)

The University of Dublin obtained the privilege of sending two members to the Parliament of Ireland in 1613, and enjoyed it until the Union in 1800, when the representation was

(b) Parliamentary Writs. v. I., pp. 49 and 91; Rymer's *Fœdera*, v. I., pt. 2, p. 924.

(c) Blackstone's Commentaries, v. I., p. 174.

(d) Dyer's History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge, v. I., p. 125.

(a) Foss's Judges of England, v. 3, p. 48; Stubbs's Constitutional History of England, v. 2, p. 199.

limited to one member. In 1832, the representation was restored to the original number of two members.

In 1867, Parliamentary representation was granted to the University of London; and, in 1868, to the Universities of Edinburgh, St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

Before referring to Canadian University representation, it may be proper to give a short historical sketch of the proceedings taken with reference to the establishment of a University in Upper Canada. The earliest reference to such a University will be found in a letter written a century ago (1795) by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe to the Bishop of Quebec, in which he suggested the establishment of a University for Upper Canada, "which might, in due progress, acquire such a high character, as to become the place of education to many persons beyond the extent of the King's dominions," which prophecy it has fully realized. The following year he brought the matter before the Imperial Government in a despatch to the Colonial Secretary, dated the 20th July, 1796, in which he recommended appropriations of Crown lands for "the erection of an University, from which, more than any other source or circumstance whatever, an attachment to His Majesty, morality, and religion, will be fostered and take root throughout the whole Province."

During the following year, apparently under the inspiration of Governor Simcoe, a joint address from both Houses of the Legislature was presented to the King, praying that a certain portion of the wild lands of the Crown should be appropriated to form a fund "for the establishment of a respectable grammar school in each district, and also of a College or University, where the youth of the country might be enabled to perfect themselves in the different branches of liberal knowledge."

In answer to this address, the Imperial authorities directed Mr. Presi-

dent Russell, the acting Lieutenant-Governor, to consult the Executive Council, Judges, and Law Officers of the Crown, and to report in what manner, and to what extent, a portion of the Crown lands might be appropriated for the establishment of free grammar schools and a University.

The Executive Council reported that 500,000 acres of the waste lands of the Crown should be set apart for the educational purposes indicated; and they recommended that if the proposed appropriation should be found insufficient, "a similar selection should be made from the Crown Reserves," or leased lands of the Crown. In accordance with these recommendations, 549,217 acres of the Crown domain was reserved for the educational purposes above specified.

The report further stated: "We are equally unanimous in considering the town of York (now Toronto) as entitled to the University, both as being the seat of the Executive Government, the Legislature, and the Courts of Justice, and as being by far the most convenient spot in the Province for all general purposes; its situation being nearly central, and besides its accessibility by water, the proposed high roads from one end of the Province to the other being necessarily to pass near it, or through it."

The address and report seem to have exhausted the Legislative and Executive interest in University education for a time; and nearly a generation passed before the question again became a factor in the practical politics of Upper Canada. An effort was made in 1817 to establish a college, but, though the Bill passed the Legislative Council, it was defeated in the Assembly. It was not until the administration of Lieutenant-Governor Sir Peregrine Maitland that the subject of University education revived; and it is to him, more than to any other Governor, we are indebted for the establishment and endowment of our present University.

During the second session (1819), after his arrival as Lieutenant-Governor, he sent a message to both Houses, transmitting a petition in favor of increased representation in the House of Assembly, and recommending for their consideration "the propriety of providing for a distinct representation of the contemplated University, when founded, in conformity with the established practice in the mother country." (e)

The House adopted a resolution that it was expedient and proper to provide for the representation of the contemplated University in Parliament. A Bill was thereupon introduced and passed through all its stages in the Assembly, entitled "An Act to increase the representation of the Commons and University of this Province in the House of Assembly;" but was so amended by the Legislative Council as to necessitate a conference between the Houses. Before the conference could be held, Parliament was prorogued, and the Bill was dropped.

During the session of 1820, the Bill was re-introduced and passed by both Houses, in which the principle of "Representation by Population" was affirmed, by providing that each county containing 1,000 inhabitants should be represented by one member, and also providing for the election of a member for the University in the following section:

"IV. And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that whenever an University shall be organized and in operation as a seminary of learning in this Province, and in conformity to the rules and statutes of similar institutions in Great Britain, it shall be lawful for the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, or person administering the government of this Province, for the time being, to declare by proclamation the tract of land appendant to such University, and whereupon the same is situated, to be a town or township,

by such name as to him shall seem best; and that such town or township so constituted, shall be represented by one member. Provided always, nevertheless, that no person shall be permitted to vote at any such election for a member to represent the said University in Parliament, who, besides the qualification now by law required, shall not also be entitled to vote in the Convocation of the said University." (f)

At the time this Act was passed, the persons qualified to vote at elections in "towns," as prescribed by the Constitutional Act of 1791, were British subjects, of the full age of 21 years, who were possessed as (1) owners of dwelling houses, or lots held in freehold, or by virtue of the Governor's certificate, of the yearly value of £5 sterling; or were (2) tenants, residents of the town for twelve months before the election, and who had paid a year's rental of £10 sterling per annum. (g)

The electoral franchise prescribed for voters in counties was: Owners of lands held in freehold, or by virtue of the Governor's certificate, of the yearly value of 40s. sterling. It would have been difficult to have made either franchise applicable to the members of the University Convocation, so as to entitle them to vote at Parliamentary elections.

It was not until 1827 that the Royal Charter, establishing the University under the title of "King's College," was granted by the Crown, in which the qualifications of members of the University Convocation were prescribed as follows:

"And we do further will, direct, and ordain, that the Chancellor, President, and Professors of our said College, and all persons admitted therein, to the degree of Master of Arts, or to any degree in Divinity, Law, or Medicine, and who, from the time of such their

(e) Documentary History of Education in Upper Canada by Dr. J. George Hodgins, v. I., pp. 138 and 145.

(f) The Act appeared in the Statute Book as 60 George III.; but should have been I George IV., c. 2, as George III. had died before it was passed.

(g) 81 George III., c. 31, s. 20. (Imp.) See also U. C. Acts 40 George III., c. 3, and 4 George IV., c. 3.

admission to such degree, shall pay the annual sum of 20s. sterling money, for and toward the support and maintenance of the said college, shall be deemed taken, and reputed to be members of the Convocation of the said University, and, as such members of the said Convocation, shall have, exercise, and enjoy all such and the like privileges as are enjoyed by the members of the Convocation of our University of Oxford, so far as the same are capable of being had and enjoyed, by virtue of these our letters patent, and consistently with the provisions thereof." (h)

The University Park property was purchased in 1828 from Chief Justice Powell, Judge D'Arcy Boulton, and the Hon. John Elmsley, consisting of northern halves of Park lots 11, 12, and 13, in the then township of York (now Toronto), containing about 156 acres; from Chief Justice Powell, and the Hon. J. B. Robinson, the Queen Street Avenue, and from the Hon. John Elmsley, the Yonge Street Avenue (the two avenues containing about 16 acres), for the site of the proposed University buildings, at the cost, as estimated by the University Commissioners of 1851, of about \$59,440, and which, if the proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor had issued under the Act of 1820, would have been constituted the University electoral district for Parliamentary purposes.

The constitutionality of the University Representation Act of 1820 was sharply criticised in a Report of a Committee of the House of Assembly in 1828, as follows:

"As to the right of the University to elect a member of the House of Assembly, the Committee would remark that there is no law which gives, or (consistently with the Imperial Act, 31 Geo. 3, c. 31, commonly called our

Constitutional Act), can give, the right of representation to an University or any other corporation. By that Act the Province was to be divided into districts, counties, circles, towns or townships, for the purpose of electing members of the House of Assembly, which was to be composed and constituted in the manner therein mentioned; that is, among other things, of persons chosen to represent some of these divisions. The qualifications prescribed for voters in districts, counties, and circles, differs from those prescribed for voters in towns. In the former, each voter must be possessed, for his own use and benefit, of lands and tenements in such county, etc., held in freehold, fief, rotture, or by certificate derived under the authority of the Governor and Council of the Province of Quebec, of the yearly value of 40s. sterling, or upwards, over and above all rents and charges payable, out of or in respect of the same. In the latter, each voter must be possessed for his own use or benefit of a dwelling-house and lot of ground held in like manner, of the yearly value of £5, or upwards, or must have been resident within the said town or township for the space of 12 calendar months, next before the date of the writ of summons for the election; and must *bona fide* have paid one year's rent for the dwelling-house in which he shall have so resided, at the rate of £10 sterling, or upwards.

"The right of representation cannot exist until the University is organized, and in operation as a seminary of learning, and in conformity to the rules and statutes of similar institutions in Great Britain, nor until the buildings for the University are actually erected. It then belongs to the town or township and not to the University. The town or township must be a tract of land both appendent to the University, and that on which it is situated. These expressions exclude all tracts of land separated from the University by lands of other owners,

(h) See the Charter in 7 William IV, c. 16.

In reporting on the establishment of the proposed University, the Rev. Dr. Strachan advised the Lieutenant-Governor that "great care will be required in selecting the members who are to compose the Convocation, as the University has the power, when established, of sending a member to the Assembly." See Report of the University Commissioners, 1851, p. 83.

although such separate tracts of land may belong to the University; and also all lands which do not belong to the University. The title to the land must be vested in the corporation, and if it is corporate property, it cannot be a freehold estate of any individual, to qualify him to vote upon it as a town elector. No person but the corporation can have a freehold estate in a dwelling-house and lot in the town. The qualification for any person to be a town elector cannot, therefore, exist in the University town. The right of voting at an election for such town must be confined to those who, besides being entitled to vote in the Convocation, shall have resided one year in that town, and *bona fide* paid rent for the dwelling-house in which they shall have so resided at the rate of £10 sterling, or upwards.

"The right of voting will, therefore, be confined, probably, to a very few persons, of whom, perhaps, the Lieutenant-Governor may be one." (i)

The Report also dealt with the sectarian character and tendency of the provisions of the Charter, and thus outlined the general principle on which the University should be conducted: "An University adapted to the character and circumstances of the people, would be the means of inestimable benefits to this province. But to be of real service, the principles on which it is established must be in unison with the general sentiments of the people. It should not be a school of politics, or of sectarian views. It should have about it no appearance of partiality or exclusion. Its portals should be thrown open to all, and upon none who enter should any influence be exerted to attach them to any particular creed or church. It should be a source of intellectual and moral light and animation, where literature and science may have equal power. Such an institution would be a blessing to the country, its pride and glory."

The system of Government then

controlling public affairs in Upper Canada did not recognize the supremacy of the House of Assembly as the constitutional representative and exponent of the popular will; and an appeal to the Crown presenting "grievances," was occasionally resorted to. The grant of Parliamentary representation to the University was complained of as the establishment of "a nomination borough, under the especial patronage of the Church and State." The complaint was thus dealt with by the Colonial Secretary, in a despatch dated the 8th November, 1832:

"I could scarcely have anticipated that any man, and, least of all, a man devoted to literary pursuits, would have denied the propriety of giving a representation to the principal seat of learning in the Province. It would be superfluous to expatiate on the importance of institutions for the education of youth, in literature, science, and religion, especially in a newly settled country; and I am well assured, that neither in the Council nor Assembly, could a single gentleman be found, who would not gladly receive as a colleague, a person representing the collective body of literary and scientific men in Upper Canada, or who would not gladly support by that distinguished honor, the cause of sound learning. I do not here refer to a University constituted in the manner proposed by the original charter of incorporation." (j)

Public hostility to the sectarian character given to the University by the provisions of the Royal Charter which vested its government in, and required its professors to be members of, a particular denomination, was aroused as soon as the contents of the Charter became generally known; and a long and bitter agitation ensued which delayed for about fifteen years the opening of the University for academic purposes. The Imperial Government acquiesced in the popular demand that the Charter should be surrendered, or so modified, that the honors and privileges of the University might be enjoyed by all classes in the community and by all denominations of Christians. The University Council declined to comply with the

(i) Appendix K to Journals 1828, p. 5.

(j) Appendix to Journal, 1835, v. 1, p. 90.

Imperial demand, and their action resulted in a loss of £1,000 sterling a year to the University. Finally, in 1837, an Act was passed eliminating the sectarian clauses from the Charter, and a more hopeful future then dawned upon the University. In 1842, it was formally inaugurated under the presidency of that distinguished scholar and professor, the Rev. Dr. McCaul.

The only action taken by the University Council as to Parliamentary representation was at a meeting held on the 4th April, 1840, at which were present, the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Arthur, Chancellor; the Bishop of Toronto, President; Mr. Justice Jones, Mr. Vice-Chancellor Jameson, Rev. Dr. McCaul, Attorney-General Draper, Hon. William Allan, Hon. J. Macaulay, and Hon. J. S. Macaulay, when a resolution was adopted:—"That His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor be humbly requested to declare the grounds purchased by the Council for the site of the University, and also the grounds on which the buildings of Upper Canada College have been erected, a township, in pursuance of the statute in such case provided, in order that the institution may be represented in Parliament, on its being organized, and in full operation, as contemplated by law." (k)

No action, however, appears to have been taken, either by the Crown to give effect to the provision of the Act of 1820, constituting the University an electoral district or township, as requested by the above resolution, or by the legislature, to repeal the clause giving representation to the University.

The Union Act of 1840, (l) made special provisions respecting the representation of certain electoral districts in the Legislature, but it provided that "every county and riding other than those hereinbefore specified,

which, at the time of the passing of this Act was by law entitled to be represented in the Assembly of the Province of Upper Canada, shall be represented by one member in the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada."

Whether that Act, or the Representation Act of 1853 (m), affected the clause in the Act of 1820, respecting University representation, it is not material now to consider; for by the Act which brought the Consolidated Statutes of Upper Canada (1859), into operation, the Act of 1820, then known as 1 George IV., c. 2, was expressly repealed. (n)

It is not necessary to elaborate arguments in favor of or against the grant of Parliamentary representation to a University. Perhaps, when Parliament in its wisdom abrogates some of the present political qualifications, and prescribes an educational qualification for the electoral franchise, the question may be transferred from an academic discussion to that of practical politics.

But, in any event, it may be assumed that at present the arguments in favor of granting Parliamentary representation to the University are not as logical as those which may be advanced against it. It is questionable whether, in the public interest, it is expedient to grant political rights and franchises to literary or scientific corporations, or to persons whose electoral franchise would be dependent or conditional upon their corporate membership. Such literary and scientific corporations are created by the legislative power, for the efficient performance of a specific department of the public duty of the nation; and it seems inconsistent with their subordinate relation and duty to the state, to grant them the privilege or franchise of Parliamentary representation, as a political or national right. Our system of Parliamentary government is based

(k) University Council Minute Book, v. 2, p. 171.
(l) 3 and 4 Victoria c. 35, (Imp.)

(m) 16 Victoria, c. 152, s. 10.

(n) C. S. U. O. c. 1, Schedule A. p. 1044.

upon the rights of individual citizenship, and not upon corporate membership. While such a system prevails, the grant of representation in Parliament to literary or scientific corporations, composed of the members of our University, or of any other educational institution, would be exceptional, and would destroy the symmetry of the political system of the nation, and would suggest a *prima facie* inference that other public or quasi-public organizations or corporations could claim a similar right to have their special representatives in Parliament.

The question, however, is an important one. In our Parliamentary system of government, we claim to be

guided by the precedents and policy of the "Mother of Parliaments;" and in view of the Imperial precedents granting the political representation of Universities in Parliament, the question is well worthy of further consideration and discussion. Apart from these and other considerations of the public interest, it will be conceded that the election to Parliament of University men, who have also the necessary political sagacity, would aid in producing Canadian statesmen of higher qualifications; in elevating the standard of public duty, and in infusing a purer political morality and a higher courtesy into our Parliamentary and national life.



ROME REVISITED.

(Continued from page 585, Vol. IV.)

I AM glad to hear that the H—s think of coming over this autumn and spending some part of the coming winter in Rome. You say that they desire some suggestions. I shall be glad to give them such as I can.

If they are coming in or after October the most comfortable way of reaching Italy is by the Mediterranean route, direct from New York *via* Gibraltar to either Naples or Genoa. If they wish to see the Riviera or the Italian lakes and thence go into Switzerland, Genoa is the most convenient point of disembarkation: but if direct to Rome, I prefer Naples, which is only four hours from here. The Mediterranean service is excellent, the ships large, comfortable, and never overcrowded, the table always good, and the attendance simply perfect. (N.B.—This is not an advertisement for the North German Lloyd's.)

As to the length of time they ought to spend here: I should say two months at least. We have been more than that, and, if weather and other conditions were favourable, should thoroughly enjoy a still longer stay. Hotel and *pension* rates are extremely reasonable. In several excellent hotels—(equal to, if not better than our best Toronto hostelryes),—the rate per day *en pension* for a stay of six weeks or more, is ten *lire* (equal to about \$1.80 of our money), and this includes everything except wine at dinner and lights and fires in your room! Candles you may buy for yourself, and they cost as little as at home. Even the Grand Hotel charges only about \$3.50 per day. Cab fares are absurdly low. The rate for a one-horse cab is sixteen cents for a "course" anywhere within the walls; or (by the hour) thirty-six cents. Out-

side the walls, within a radius of three kilometres (say two miles) from any of the gates, forty-five cents for the first hour and ten cents for each additional quarter of an hour. To these must (or at all events should), be added a small *pourboire* for the driver.

But, inside the walls, cabs are, as a rule, unnecessary, for the system of trains and omnibusses is very complete, and you can get from one end to the other of Rome, (a city three times as big as Toronto) for six cents!

WHAT TO SEE IN ROME.

That depends altogether upon what you *want* to see. If it is Modern Rome, the gay cosmopolitan capital of New Italy, you can have modern opera at the Argentine or Costanzi, and hear Calvé or Melba or Nordica and the de Reské's, fresh from Paris, with prices to correspond; and Mr. H— can join the Anglo-American Club in the Via Babuino.

But if you are not, like the late Mrs. Boffin, a "a highflyer after fashion," nor yet a "mad Wagnerian," or fond only of such *fin de siècle* music as that of Tchaikowsky and Dvorak, you may come with me almost any evening to a fifty cent chair in one of the smaller theatres, *e.g.*, the Manzoni or Quirino, and there you shall hear the favourites of your youth—"Trovatore" and "Norma," and "La Sonnambula," and "I Puritani"; aye, and even "Semiramide" and "Lucrezia Borgia." And you shall hear them sung and acted far better than you ever do in Toronto, and to an audience which understands and appreciates every note and every word. For remember, "Italian Opera" is here not an exotic, but an indigenous plant, and is rendered in a "tongue understood of

the people," and by artists belonging to a race of natural born actors, accustomed from babyhood to express emotion by gestures even more than by words.

Then, for the fairer sex, there is plenty of shopping in the Corso or Via Nazionale, with ices and coffee at the Quirinale or Doney's; also balls, receptions and five o'clock teas, as if you were in Paris or New York. Rome is a capital place in which to buy jewellery, *objets d'art*, or genuine (?), antiques, or Roman scarfs, or Merola gloves, or (especially) what they call "articles of religion,"—while for photographs, only Florence can vie with it for beauty and cheapness.

But it is probably not for the opera or the shopping that the H—s will visit Rome. He, as a C. E., will find here much of professional interest,—e.g., the magnificent city water supply, the new Tiber embankment, the bridges, etc.;—and both of them, as people of culture and students of history and of life, will, I incline to think, find Rome far more interesting than any modern city, (such as New York or Chicago,) can possibly be.

Mrs. H—will find many of her favourite books vastly more interesting after she has come to be as familiar as we now are with Rome. For example, Farrar's "Darkness and Dawn," Hawthorne's "Transfiguration," Hans Andersen's "Improvisatore," "Mademoiselle Mori," Marion Crawford's "A Roman Singer," "Saracinesca," "St. Ilario," "Don Orsino," "Pietro Ghisleri,"—all these are Roman stories. So is Miss Grant's "Cara Roma," Ouida's "Ariadne," and Levett Yeats "Honour of Savelli," as well as that queer study of atavism which Paul Bourget gives us in "Cosmopolis."

As I said in a former letter about the Roman emperors, it is here that classical history and mythology acquire a reality and vividness which they never before possessed. You may see the very cave in which Romulus and Remus were suckled by

the she-wolf,—the spring where Numa Pompilius used to meet the nymph Egeria—the Palatine Hill, where Romulus founded his infant city, and the Aventine Mount, whence Remus watched the flight of the vultures that were to determine whether he or his twin brother should be the future King of Rome. I can show them the hollow in the street (called to-day "the wicked street"), where the impious Tullia drove the wheels of her chariot over the prostrate body of the murdered king, her own father: and, in the Farnese Palace, that statue of Pompey, "at whose feet great Caesar fell," pierced by the daggers of his traitorous friends. You remember Byron's apostrophe to it:

"And thou, dread statue; yet existent in
The austere form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassin's din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie
Folding his robe in dying dignity."

There is a vein of reverence for ancient tradition and old associations here, even among the members of the City Council. That august body, out of its public funds, maintains in cages placed beside the great steps which lead up to the City Hall, two Roman eagles and a living wolf in remembrance of that historic "she-wolf of the Capitol," whose bronze figure (the same which Cicero saw and apostrophized), stands in the "Museum of the Conservatori," at the top of the hill, shewing even yet the mark of the lightning-flash which Byron mentions in the next canto of *Childe Harold*:

"And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of
Rome,
She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest, yet within the dome,
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest:—mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder sucked from thy
wild teat,
Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning. Dost
thou yet
Guard thy immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge
forget?"

Or, if they prefer more modern (and, perhaps, less mythical) history,—we can drive out a couple of miles from the Porta del Popolo to the Ponte Molle, where, on the 27th of October, A.D. 312, was fought the great battle which decided for all time to come the future of the Roman Empire and of the world. For here the armies of Constantine, the Christian Emperor, and Maxentius, the representative of Paganism, and competitor for the throne of Rome, met in deadly conflict; and the victory of that day made Rome and the world Christian ever since.

Or, to a spot even more sacred,—at least, to anyone of British lineage,—the greensward in front of the church of St. Gregory the Great, where St. Augustine with his forty devoted companions, took his last farewell of the great Pope, St. Gregory, and the first messengers of the gospel to the then *ultima Thule* of Britain received the pontifical blessing as they set out on their forlorn hope of converting to the faith of Christ the inhabitants of those mysterious “islands of the west,” which have since become the centre of “light and leading” for half the world.

BOOKS ABOUT ROME.

To thoroughly enjoy Rome, one must have done some preparatory reading; for one's classical recollections grow faint by middle life, and it is very embarrassing for the “head of the family” to find himself posed by questions about heathen gods and goddesses, or such historical (?) personages as Hector and Andromache, Laöcoon, Cassandra, the Danaides, *et al.* For example—only to-day we were standing in the Borghese Gallery and looking at the lovely Apollo and Daphne which Bernini sculptured at eighteen years of age. [What a pity he ever grew older than that, for his maturer work is far inferior to his early efforts!] Do you remember the statue and the story? It is in Ovid, but I

could not for the life of me recall it just then.

Apollo, his heart pierced by Cupid's golden arrow, pursues the fair daughter of the river god, Peneus. Exhausted and nearly overtaken, the nymph, on the banks of her paternal stream, calls upon her sire for aid; so Peneus hears and changes her into a bay tree (*δασύλην*), leaving the baffled Phœbus to embrace only its trunk.

“The Idle Woman” was delighted with this statue, and I cordially agree in her opinion. She says of it:—

“The transformation of Daphne is given with marvellous truth. She is already enclosed within the trunk of the bay tree, which seems to be mounting, as it were, momentarily to her breast. Her hair has begun to thicken into leaves; the fingers are sprouting with wonderful truth, and her toes have turned earthwards into tiny delicate roots, fibres and strings. There is, too, a certain air of desperate satisfaction in her countenance as she feels her escape from Apollo secured; and yet, she is, as it were, still flying on the wings of the wind, though only half animate.”

It is also a great help to the enjoyment of the galleries if one knows a little about the history of the saints and martyrs, the popes and the painters—still I should not prescribe a very severe course of reading.

For the history of republican and imperial Rome, our old friend Pinnock's Goldsmith is (I think) enough. For mediæval Rome and the history of the Popes, I have not yet found a good short treatise. Von Ranke does not cover all the ground, and, though extremely interesting, is somewhat too diffuse; but as yet I know of nothing better. For modern Rome, Mrs. Godkin's “Life of Victor Emmanuel,” and the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco's “Liberation of Italy,” (one of the most interesting histories I have ever read). For pictures, and statuary representing mythological and classical subjects, Bianchi's “Greek and Roman Mythology”; and, as a useful guide to the galleries, the short treatise of Poynter and Head on “Classic and Italian Painting,” and Sarah Tytler's “Old



BERINI'S APOLLO AND DAPHNE, BORGHESI COLLECTION, ROME.

Masters and their Works." On the archaeology of Rome, Professor Lanciani is the standard authority, and his books, "Ancient Rome in the Light of Modern Discoveries" and "Pagan and Christian Rome" are most interesting. For religious subjects, martyrs, saints, etc., I can recommend nothing better and I think nothing so concise and good as Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement's little dictionaries entitled "Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints" and "Legendary and Mythological Art." All these are popular books, and all, I

think, are in our Toronto Public Library; but everyone has not time to study Crowe and Cavalcaselle, or the fuller histories of Rome by Dr. Arnold and Dr. Liddell, or even Mrs. Jameson's books on Sacred Art: and these I have named will give quite enough information to make any gallery not only interesting but instructive.

But the book for Rome, the "*vade mecum*" or "*sine quanon*," or whatever else expresses indispensability and usefulness is (in addition, of course, to Bædeker), Augustus J. C. Hare's "Walks in Rome," — a new "up to date" edition of which (in two duodecimo volumes) was published last year by Green & Co., (London) at ten shil-

lings. If one can read nothing else, this is by far the best of cicerones, and, to my mind, infinitely preferable to Dr. Russell Forbes' rather rambling "Rambles in Rome," or the peripatetic lectures of Signor Spadoni.

I should indeed be ungrateful did I not acknowledge my indebtedness to Mrs. Frances Elliott (wife of the late Dean of Bristol) now herself a resident of Rome, whose brightly written "Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy" has proved a charming guide-book to many a church and gallery,

and on not a few of our excursions about the environs of Rome.

A SHORT VISIT TO ROME.

Of course I am reckoning now upon, at least, a two months' visit to Rome; such a visit as will, at the time, be a pleasure not bought by too much toil, and a delightful memory forever afterwards.

But Rome *can* be "seen" in much less time, if you wish to take it "on the American plan;" and many people

the banker, tells a still better story about an American youth from Denver, who came to him one morning with a letter of credit, saying he had only one day in Rome, and wanted to see it. Mr. S. gave him some directions, and he was to come back in the afternoon to get the money upon his letter of credit. So at half-past four in he came saying: "Well, I have seen the Colosseum, (Coly-ceum, he called it), the Forum, and the Catacombs, and St. Peter's Church, and if



PAULINE BUONAPARTE AS VENUS.

Canova.

from our side of the water do so pretend to see it. As I said before, it is a case of *chacun a son goût*, and "the eye sees what is in the eye." For instance, Mr. Wordsworth (grandson of the great poet), who sits at our table, told us yesterday about an innkeeper from Putney, who saw Rome in two days, and went back to England quite happy. He said he had seen everything he cared about, namely, the Punch and Judy show at the Metastasio Theatre, and the horse races at Tor di Quinto. And Mr. Sebasti,

there is anything else in this blamed place that a fellow ought to see, I want to know, for I have to get away to Naples at eight o'clock; but I think I have about done this town, anyhow."

I do not think anybody *can* see Rome, so as to remember it at all, in less than two or three weeks, and Bædeker has laid out the work for a very busy fortnight here far better than I could possibly do.

We had, however, the other day, to make out a short—a very short—itinerary of Rome for some friends of

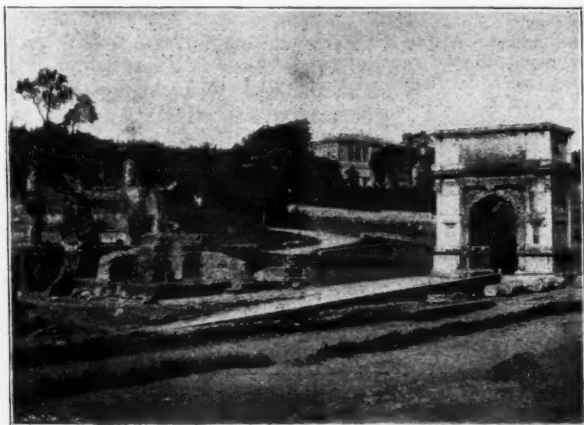
ours from Belfast, who arrived on Sunday morning, and were to leave on Thursday night. When they came to us on Sunday, they had already visited St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Church of the *Gesu*, the Colosseum, and Trajan's Forum.

behind. The place is (as Miss Thackeray truly says) "in a fashionable halo of sunset and pink parasols" from 4 p.m. till Ave Maria, when nearly everybody (except the nursemaids, who have children in charge,) goes over to SS. Trinita dei Monti, to hear the nuns of the *Sacre Cœur* sing the vesper service.

This is the programme which we arranged for their next four days:—

ROME IN FOUR DAYS.

MONDAY—Go as early as possible (say about 8.30) to S. Maria degli Angeli, once the library of the Baths of Diocletian, converted by Michelangelo into a church, and now containing Houdon's grand statue of S. Bruno—



ARCH OF TITUS.

We took them afterwards to the Church of San Silvestro in Capite, to hear a very eloquent Jesuit missionary preach in English to a large and devout congregation, drawn chiefly from the British and American colony in Rome. Our friends, being loyal members of the (now dis-established) Church of Ireland, were more than surprised to hear, in a foreign land, and almost under "the Pope's nose," as good a gospel sermon as they could have heard in Belfast; and when the choir sang English hymns to the familiar "Ancient and Modern" tunes of "St. Agnes" and "Aurelia," their astonishment, as a reporter would say, "might be better imagined than described."

Then we all went to the Pincian Gardens to hear the band and see the people. On a Sunday afternoon all Roman society is there, on foot, on horseback, or in carriages, with coachmen in front, and liveried footmen

so lifelike, that Clement XIV. said of it, "he would speak of the rules if his order did not forbid it,"—and also some of the most celebrated pictures in Rome, *e. g.*, Domenichino's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," Muziano's "St. Jerome among the Hermits," Costanzi's "Raising of Tabitha," Romanelli's "First Visit of the Virgin to the Temple" (interesting to compare this with Titian's treatment of the same subject in the picture at Venice), Maratta's "Baptism of Christ," etc., etc.

Then cross the square to Sta. Maria della Vittoria, where you may look at some (not first-rate) pictures by Guercino and Guido, but chiefly at Bernini's celebrated group, "Sta. Theresa transfixed by the dart of the Angel of Death."

M. Taine is enthusiastic over this. He says:

"She is adorable. In a swoon of ecstatic happiness lies the saint—with pendent hands, naked feet, and half closed eyes,

fallen in transports of blissful love. Her features are emaciated, but how noble. This is the true high-born woman, "wasted by fire and tears," awaiting her beloved. Even to the folds of the drapery, even to the languor of her drooping hands, even to the sigh that dies on her half-closed lips, nothing is there in or about this form that does not express the voluptuous ardor and divine enthusiasm of transport. Words cannot render the sentiment of this affecting, rapturous attitude. Fallen backward in a swoon, her whole being dissolves; the moment of agony has come, and she gasps; this is her last sigh, the emotion is too powerful. Meanwhile an angel arrives, a graceful, amiable young page of fourteen, in a bright tunic, open in front below the breast, and as pretty a page as could be despatched to render an over-fond vestal happy. A semi-complacent, half mischievous smile dimples the fresh, glowing cheeks: the golden dart he holds indicates the exquisite and at the same time the terrible shock he is about to inflict on the lovely impassioned form before him. Nobody has ever executed a tenderer or more seductive romance."



ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

But I am much more inclined to agree with the criticism of Mrs. Jameson (wife of the first Vice-Chancellor of Upper Canada), who says in her "Legends of the Monastic Orders":

"All the Spanish pictures of Sta. Theresa sin in their materialism; but the grossest example—the most offensive—is the marble

group of Bernini, in Santa Maria della Vittoria at Rome. The head of Sta. Theresa is that of a languishing nymph: the angel is a sort of Eros; the whole has been significantly described as a parody of Divine Love. The medium, white marble—its place in a Christian Church—enhance all its vileness. The least destructive, the least prudish in matters of art, would here willingly throw the first stone."

Here you have (in a nutshell) the difference between French and English taste, and, with the statue before you, may decide which to prefer.

Next, go at ten o'clock to the Vatican—beginning with the Sistine Chapel,—“the ceiling of which,” according to a great German critic, “contains the most perfect work ever executed by Michel Angelo during his 89 years of busy painting,”—the Stanze of Raphael, and the Picture Galleries (of which I have already written) and ending with the Museum of Sculpture, especially the Egyptian Rooms, and (if possible) those lovely tapestries—(designed by Raphael and executed by Flemish weavers),—of which one sees such frequent photographic reproductions. I suppose these pictures are better known across the Atlantic than most others in Rome (except perhaps the “Beatrice Cenci”), because most of the

original cartoons are in the South Kensington Museum. Indeed, I much prefer those cartoons by Raphael himself to the tapestry copies, though the latter are beautiful. I know that great exception has been taken to them by many amateur art critics;—*e. g.*, that in the “Miraculous Draught of Fishes,” the boat is too small for the fishermen,

and that in the "Death of Ananias," Sapphira is introduced, though according to the Scriptural account she did not come in until some time afterwards. But, as Sarah Tytler says in "Old Masters and their Paintings," Raphael, like many others of his time (notably Perugino), was quite independent of these time limits, and the tapestries cannot fail to impress upon your memory the scenes which they are intended to depict. The figure painting is simply wonderful, and the "Adoration of the Shepherds" especially, is a picture to be remembered all one's life.

Having thus spent a very fatiguing morning, you will be quite prepared to enjoy a restful afternoon in driving through the lovely Villa Pamphilj-Doria, which the Romans call "Belrespiro." The site of this villa—(a "villa" in Rome is not a building, but a park),—was once occupied by the gardens of Galba, and here the murdered emperor is believed to have been buried. From the ilex terrace in front of the Casino is one of the best views of St. Peter's, seen without the town, backed by the Campagna, the Sabine Mountains, and the blue peak of Soracte. The road to the left leads through fir-shaded lawns and woods and by some modern ruins to the lake, above which is a graceful fountain. A small temple commemorates the French who fell here during the siege of Rome in 1849. The word "Mary," in large letters of clipped box, on the other side of the grounds is a memento of the late beloved Princess Doria (Lady Mary Gwendoline Talbot.)

You will notice on your homeward drive, near the gate of San Pancrazio, a tablet on the wall of the house which was occupied by General Garibaldi during his heroic defence of Rome against the French under Oudinot in 1849. You should not fail to stop your carriage on the piazza in front of S. Pietro in Montorio, which commands the most magnificent view of Rome anywhere obtainable.

Away to the left rise the great dome of S. Peter's and the fortified heights of Monte Mario. Further towards the north the indented summit of Soracte shows clear against the brilliant western sky. To the right you may see far over the Campagna the ugly, barn-shaped outline of St. Paul's outside the walls, and the castellated tomb of Cecilia Metella, while right in front of you are the Palatine



HADRIAN. Capitol, Rome.

and Capitoline Hills, with the Tarpeian Rock showing upon the nearer face of the latter, and the two domes of St. Maria Maggiore looming up beyond.

The middle foreground is full of interesting associations. Historic palaces, churches, and bridges crowd the picture, and all is lighted by an Italian sunset. The scene is one never to be forgotten. You have still time to enter the church, and see by the western light, Sebastian del Piombio's great



THE ROMAN FORUM.

picture of the "Scourging of Christ," and the unmarked grave of poor Beatrice Cenci, immortalized by Shelley in verse, and by Guido Reni in the well-known portrait which you shall see to-morrow. Perhaps you will go into the court of the adjoining monastery and glance at Bramante's beautiful little Greek "tempietto," erected (as tradition says) upon the very spot where St. Peter was crucified:

"Then home returning soothly swear,
Never was scene so sad and fair."

TUESDAY MORNING.—Go early to the Palatine Hill. Visit the palaces of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, and especially that of Nero. See the very bar at which St. Paul stood when he was arraigned before that human monster, and (as he tells his "dearly beloved son" Timothy in the last letter he ever wrote), "No man stood with me, but all men forsook me." Then go round the base of the hill, passing by the "cave of the she-wolf," a bit of the wall with which Romulus, 2,700 years ago, surround-

ed his infant city, and the guard-rooms in which St. Paul was probably confined as a prisoner.

Descend into the now fully excavated Roman Forum, the theatre within which have been enacted so many of those dramas that go to make up the stirring history of "that mother of the world, Imperial Rome."

"It was once,
And long the centre of the universe,
That Forum—whence a mandate eagle-winged,
Went to the ends of earth. Let us descend
Slowly, at every step much may be lost,
The very dust we tread on stirs with life, [up
And not a breath but from the ground sends
Something of vanished grandeur."

Here you may walk upon the identical stones, uncovered now after the lapse of centuries, which formed the (very execrable) pavement of that "sacred way," bordered by the most renowned temples of ancient Rome, along which so many returning conquerors passed in triumph from the Palatine Hill up to the Capitol, with thousands of sad captives from the defeated nations, "a mournful train

chained to their chariot wheels," and doomed to death or slavery.

Here is the Senate House, where met that "assembly of kings," whose very presence awed the invading Gauls. Here is the temple of Jupiter Stator, in which the "conscript fathers" sat to hear Cicero's tremendous arraignment of Cataline.

Here was the temple of Janus—the famous index of peace or war—which Augustus, after his victory over Antony at Actium, closed for the third

containing the "eternal fire," and the sacred Palladium or statue of "Trojan Minerva by no male beheld," brought, according to tradition, from dismantled Troy, and which the Vestal Virgins, guardians of the "sacred fire," alone were permitted to behold.

You may stand upon the very spot where

"Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled
up with horn and hide ;

Close to yon low dark archway, where
in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurg-
ling stream of blood "

Everyone knows the lines, and the sad story of sweet Virginia's death, slain by her father's hand to save her from a fate worse than a thousand deaths.

Over there are the ruins of the Rostrum from which Mark Antony spoke that speech which Shakespeare wrote for him, and which so many school boys have since declaimed.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen ! lend
me your ears.
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise
him ! "

Here is the Curtian Gulf, which "an oracle declared would never close until that which was most important to the Roman people was sacrificed to it, whereupon Marcus Curtius, equipped in full armour, leaped on horseback into the abyss, exclaiming that nothing was more important to the Roman people than arms and courage, and so the gulf was closed."

At the highest point of the "Sacred Way," you shall see the Arch

of Titus, erected by the Senate to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem, and showing to-day on its bas-reliefs the triumphal procession, with the deified emperor standing in his chariot, while before him are borne as spoils of the Jewish temple, the table of shew-bread and the seven branched candle-



AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.
Capitoline Museum—Rome.

time only since its foundation by Numa Pompilius, 700 years before,

"Et vacuum duellis
Janum Quirini clausit et ordinem
Rectum, et vaganti fræna licentiæ
Injecit."—*Horace, Od. iv. 15.*

Here, too, was the temple of Vesta and the "house of the Vestal Virgins,"

stick which had stood in the Holy Place.

And (near it) the Arch of Constantine, an eternal monument of the "predatory instincts" of Christian emperors and holy Pontiffs;—for Constantine stole most of it from an arch previously erected in honour of Trajan; and Clement VIII, (the executioner of poor Beatrice Cenci) stole some of its Corinthian columns to finish his chapel in St. John Lateran.

Truly one can spend a very interesting morning in this Roman Forum, even without taking too much time to admire the graceful ruins of the temple of Castor and Pollux, or the grand vaulting of Constantine's Basilica, or the magnificent Arch of Septimius Severus.

As Hawthorne says:

"To a spectator on the spot, it is remarkable that the events of Roman history, and of Roman life itself, appear not so distant as the Gothic ages which succeeded them. We stand in the Forum or on the height of the Capitol, and seem to see the Roman epoch close at hand. We forget that a chasm extends between it and ourselves, in which lie all those dark, rude centuries, around the birthtime of Christianity, as well as the age of chivalry and romance, the feudal system, and the infancy of a better civilization than that of Rome. Or, if we remember these mediæval times, they look farther off than the Augustan age. The reason may be that the old Roman literature survives, and creates for us an intimacy with the classic ages which we have no means of forming with the subsequent ones.

The Italian climate, moreover, robs age of reverence, and makes it look nearer than it is. Not the Coliseum, nor the tombs of the Appian Way, nor the oldest pillar in the Forum, nor any other Roman ruin, be it as dilapidated as it may, ever give the impression of venerable antiquity, which we gather, along with the ivy, from the grey walls of an English abbey or castle; and yet every brick and stone which we pick up among the former had fallen ages before the foundation of the latter were begun."

Your afternoon should begin with a visit to the Palazzo Barberini where you shall see at least three very celebrated pictures,—the "Fornarina" of Raphael, (looking coarse, common and cruel, in every way inferior to her picture in Florence), the so-called

"Slave" of Palma Vecchio (?) and last and chiefest, Guido's very well known portrait of the ill-fated Beatrice Cenci, probably the most frequently copied picture in Rome:

"The portrait of Beatrice Cenci is a picture almost impossible to be forgotten. Through the transcendent sweetness and beauty of the face there is something shining out that haunts me. I see it now as I see this paper or my pen. The head is loosely draped in white, the light hair falling down below the linen folds. She has turned suddenly towards you, and there is an expression in the eyes, although they are very tender and gentle, as if the wildness of a momentary terror, or distraction, had been struggled with and overcome that instant, and nothing but a celestial hope and a beautiful sorrow and



BEATRICE CENCI.

a desolate, earthly helplessness remained. Some stories say that Guido painted it the night before her execution, some other stories that he painted it from memory, after having seen her on the way to the scaffold. I am willing to believe that, as you see her on his canvas, so she turned towards him in the crowd, from the first sight of the axe, and stamped upon his mind a look which he has stamped on mine as though I had stood beside him in the concourse. The guilty palace of the Cenci, blighting a whole quarter of the town as it stands withering away by grains had that face, to my fancy, in its

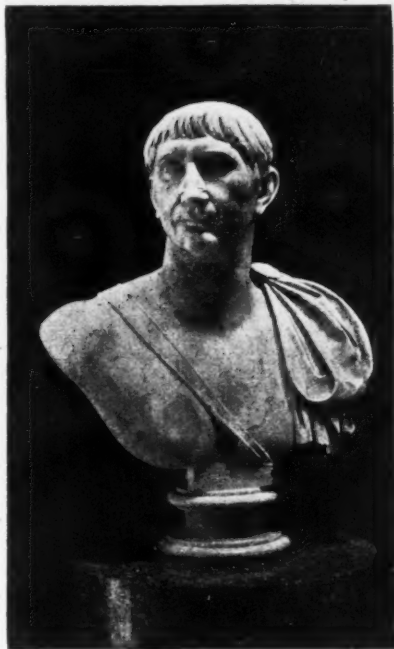
dismal porch and at its black blind-windows, and flitting up and down its dreary stairs and growing out of the darkness of its ghostly galleries. The history is written in the painting, written in the dying girl's face by nature's own hand. And, how, in that one touch she puts to flight (instead of making kin) the puny world that claims to be related to her, in right of poor conventional forgeries — *Dickens*.

After this you may still have time to drive round to St. John Lateran, and to see the interior, especially the Corsini and Torlonia chapels with their wealth of decoration; stop at the chapel of the Scala Santa and observe not only that sacred staircase but also Giacommetti's fine groups of "Christ and Judas" and "Christ before Pilate," as well as a capital sitting statue of Pius IX; then off to the bosky glades of the Villa Borghese to finish your afternoon among that splendid collection of statues and pictures, Bernini's "Apollo and Daphne," and "Eneas and Anchises,"—both the work of a boy and both capital—Canova's statue of Pauline Buonaparte as Venus; and (in the picture gallery,) Raphael's "Entombment," Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," Correggio's "Danae,"—with the dear little Cupids sharpening their arrows down in the corner of the picture;—Domenichino's "Diana and her Nymphs," and,—but, stay!—this is not a catalogue. You can buy one at the door for a dollar.

WEDNESDAY — Your third day at Rome shall begin at nine o'clock, when you can get into the Casino of the Rospigliosi Palace and see Guido's *chef d'œuvre*, the "Aurora." *

This is the noblest work of Guido. It is embodied poetry. The hours that hand in hand encircle the car of Phoebus, advance with rapid pace. The paler, milder forms of those gentler sisters who rule over the declining day, and the glowing glance of those who bask in the meridian blaze resplendent in the hues of heaven, are of no mortal grace and beauty; but they are eclipsed by Aurora herself, who sails on the golden clouds before them, shedding "showers of shadowing roses" on the re-

joicing earth, her celestial presence diffusing gladness and light and beauty around. Above the heads of the heavenly coursers hovers the morning star, in the form of a youthful cherub, bearing his flaming torch. Nothing is more admirable in this composition than the motion given to the whole. The smooth and rapid step of the circling hours as they tread on the fleecy clouds, the fiery steeds, the whirling wheels of the car, the torch of Lucifer, blown back by the velocity of his advance, and the form of Aurora, borne through the ambient air, till you almost fear she should float from your sight.—*Eaton*.



TRAJAN. Capitol, Rome.

Then to the church of S. Maria in Ara Coeli, to call upon the Santissimo Bambino, and see the frescoes of Pinturicchio, after which your morning shall be spent in one of the most interesting collections in the world,—viz., those of the Capitoline Museums.

Here are the portrait-busts and statues of many of the greatest men and women of ancient Greece and

* See Frontispiece of May Number of this Magazine.—ED.

Rome,—emperors, orators, warriors, statesmen and courtesans, poets and philosophers. The severe, wedge-

"It was that room in which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the Dying Gladiator, just sinking into his death swoon. Around the walls stand the Antinous, the



THE DYING GLADIATOR (OR GAUL). Capitol, Rome.

like head of Augustus; the dull phiz of Hadrian; Nero (a maturer bust than that of the angelic boy in the Vatican, and showing here an expression of low humour, like a comedy actor); the square, bull head of Caracalla; Messalina, with her double row of dainty curls; and Poppæ, with her baby smile; Scipio Africanus, with his broad, bald head, square chin and firmly closed lips; the noble, melancholy head of Marcus Aurelius; the keen face of Demosthenes; and the proud pomposity of Trajan—all these, and many more, are here, and you stand in the immediate presence of a revived Rome. But you will not tarry long with the "Dying Gladiator"—(they don't call him a gladiator now, but a Gaul, who, to use the elegant newspaper English of to-day, has "suicided.") I shall not attempt to describe him. Every school boy can quote the lines from Byron.

In the same room is the "Marble Faun," described in Hawthorne's story, and a lovely Antinous from Hadrian's Villa. Farther down the hall is the Capitoline Venus. But even she cannot charm you away until you have taken out your *vade mecum* and read from Hawthorne:

but assailed by a snake

"In this chamber is the Faun of Praxi-



THE MARBLE FAUN.

Capitol, Rome.

Lycian Apollo, the Juno, all famous productions of antique sculpture, and still shining in the undiminished majesty and beauty of their ideal life, although the marble that embodies them is yellow with time, perhaps corroded by the damp earth in which they lay buried for centuries. Here, likewise, is seen a symbol (as apt at this moment as it was two thousand years ago) of the human soul with its choice of innocence or evil close at hand, in the pretty figure of a child clasping a dove to her bosom,

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tetes. It is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the stump or trunk of a tree:—one hand hangs carelessly at his side, in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment, a lion's skin with the claws upon the shoulder, falls half way down his back, leaving his limbs and the entire front of his figure nude. The form thus displayed is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more of flesh and less of heroic muscle than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so really to smile outright that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue, unlike anything else that ever was wrought in the severe material of marble, conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet, not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch and imbued with actual life. It comes very near to some of our pleasantest sympathies."

Cross the piazza now to the Palace of the Conservatori, the City Hall of Rome. See the "wolf of the Capitol," and the pictures, especially Guercino's "Sta. Petronilla," and your third morning in Rome is at an end.

Your afternoon drive to-day shall be to that most magnificent of modern cathedrals, "St. Paul's outside the walls," and to the Abbadia delle Tre Fontane.

You have seen the Corsini Chapel in St. John Lateran, with its porphyry columns and sarcophagus (stolen by Clement XII. from the Pantheon,) and its walls sumptuously inlaid with precious stones. You shall see also, in Sta. Maria Maggiore, the Borghese Chapel, with its gorgeous marbles and alabasters, its statues and pictures, and opposite to it the no less splendid chapel of the Holy Sacrament, containing the tombs of two great Popes, Sixtus V. (Felice Peretti), the icono-

clast of pagan antiquities, and the re-builder of Rome, "who as a boy kept his father's pigs at Montalto, and as an old man commanded kings, and filled Rome with so many works that from every side his name like an echo rings on the traveller's ear," and Pius V. (Ghislieri), "the barefooted, bare-headed Dominican monk of Sta.

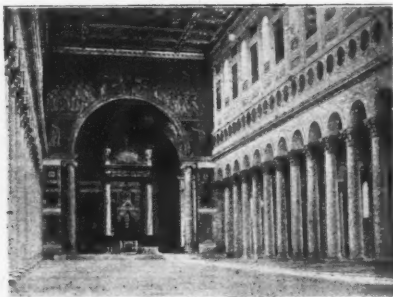


THE VENUS OF THE CAPITOL.

Sabina, who in his six years reign saw the victory of Christendom over the Turks at Lepanto, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the fall of the Huguenots in France."

But it was reserved for the great Pope of our own time, Pius IX., to eclipse all these, by building on the site of an older basilica destroyed by fire in 1823, a huge cathedral, on the same scale of imperial magnificence; and "St. Paul's without the Walls," barn-like in its exterior ap-

pearance, is, as to its interior, a veritable palace of Aladdin.



S. PAOLO FUORI.

Its richly gilt and coffered ceiling, borne by a double row of columns of Simplician granite; its pillars of oriental alabaster, presented by Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, and of precious malachite by Nicholas of Russia; its floor and walls of polished marble, and its magnificent mosaics, some the most ancient in Rome, others, *e. g.*, (the portraits of the popes, and the huge mosaic which adorns the west front) of modern manufacture,—all combine to make it the most ornate, if not the most impressive of Roman Cathedrals.

But we must drive on along the Ostian Way, and the lonely road across the desolate Campagna to the Trappist Abbey of Tre Fontane, with its three old churches, all within one small courtyard. There are not inhabitants enough within three miles to make up a congregation for the smallest of them, yet they are most interesting, for here you shall see the very block on which St. Paul was beheaded, the pillar to which he was bound, and the three fountains which burst from the earth at the spots where his severed head thrice struck the ground after its decapitation by the sword of the Roman executioner. Returning, you may note the humble chapel said to mark the spot where the Apostle of the Circumcision and the Apostle to the Gentiles parted,

each on his way to win a martyr's crown. A bas relief over the door represents their parting, and the inscription reads:—

"IN THIS PLACE SS. PETER AND PAUL SEPARATED ON THEIR WAY TO MARTYRDOM."

AND PAUL SAID TO PETER:

"PEACE BE WITH THEE, FOUNDATION OF THE CHURCH, SHEPHERD OF THE FLOCK OF CHRIST."

AND PETER SAID TO PAUL:

"GO IN PEACE, PREACHER OF GOOD TIDINGS, AND GUIDE OF THE SALVATION OF THE JUST."

A little further on is the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, and near the gate of St. Paul you will see the Protestant Cemetery, where repose the ashes of Keats, and the heart ("*cor cordium*") of Shelley.

You may pass by all that remains of the Theatre of Marcellus, erected by Augustus in memory of his nephew and intended successor, cut off by an early death. This was once capable of holding 20,000 spectators, and consisted of three tiers of arches, but the upper range has now altogether disappeared, and the lower ones are very imperfect. Still it is a grand ruin, rising magnificently above the paltry buildings which surround it, and the perfect proportions of its Doric and Ionic columns have been envied and imitated by many an architect of later days.

Near it is the Portico of Octavia, (so often mentioned in Ouida's "*Ariadne*,") the atrium of that magnificent hall in which Titus and Vespasian celebrated with festive pomp and splendour the conquest of Jerusalem: and only a stone's throw away are the frowning walls of the Cenci Palace, which witnessed one of the saddest stories of lust and crime that ever darkened the pages of history. You may pass over the site of the now demolished Ghetto or Jews' Quarter, within which the Roman Jews used to be locked up at night by the order of that fanatical Dominican Pope Paul IV., whose successors, Clement VIII. and XI. and Innocent XIII. forbade

them to engage in any business save the sale of old clothes, rags and scrap-iron. Here is the Church of S. Angelo in Peschiera, to which Cola di Rienzi, "the last of the tribunes," summoned at midnight (May 30th, 1347), all good citizens of Rome to a

It was in this church and the neighboring one of San Benedetto alla Regola, that Gregory XIII. used to force these poor representatives of the race of Israel to hear a christian (?) sermon every week,—men, women and children being hunted into church and ac-

tually lashed if inattentive while there. It was not until the gentler rule of Pio Nono that this oriental method of evangelization was abandoned. Do you remember Browning's "Holy Cross Day"? If not, read it again!



RUINS OF THEATRE OF MARCELLUS.

meeting for the re-establishment of the "good estate,"—in which he kept the "vigil of the Holy Ghost," and whence he went forth, bare-headed, in complete armour, accompanied by the papal legate and attended by a vast multitude to the Capitol.

Here is the colossal group of the Gaul and his wife, probably one of a cycle of statues, to which belonged also the Dying Gaul or Gladiator of the Capitoline Museum. Also you will here see the celebrated statue of Mars (or Ares), reposing, with his dreamy,

THURSDAY —
This, your last day in Rome, will be a long one, but perhaps the most interesting of them all.

Go at 9 a.m. to the Museo Boncompagni, containing the antiques of the Ludovisi collection. Here is the "Ludovisi Juno,"—of which Goethe said, "No words can give any idea of it! it is like a poem,"—worthy, indeed, to be placed beside the Otricoli Jupiter of the Vatican.

pensive look, readily explained by the presence at his feet of the cunning little god of love. There is nothing mediocre in this collection—all is of the first water.

Next we shall visit for a moment or two the Borghese Chapel and its *vis-a-vis* in the Church of S. Maria Maggiore, and Michel Angelo's "Moses" in S. Pietro in Vincoli (of which more hereafter), taking these *en*

the Jealousy of Venus, which are among the most charming creations of the master, belonging as they do to his joyously pagan period, after his genius had escaped from the conventional shackles of the school of Perugino. In these, and the "Galatea," in the adjoining room, his love of beautiful form fairly runs riot, and the result is simply superb.

The Corsini Gallery need not detain us long. There are two rooms full of pictures, but it is not on the whole an interesting collection. "There is a great deal of trash, and too little variety," especially an overabundance of affected Carlo Dolci's, (chiefly women with up-turned eyes and a languishing, die-away expression of countenance), and *manieré* Carlo Maratta's.—He always, like Andrea del Sarto, painted his wife's face, but, unlike Andrea, he could not idealize it.

One picture by Carlo Dolci is very good, his "Virgin and Child," and it is interesting to compare his "Ecce Homo" with that of Guercino in the same room. "Luther and his wife are curious as portraits. She is hideous, which makes his marriage all the more pardonable, as he never, assuredly, induced her to break her vows for the sake of her beauty. Luther is a fat, jolly friar, with a



LUDOVISI JUNO.

Rome.

route to our next objective point, the Corsini Picture Gallery. As it happens to be the 15th of April, we have the opportunity (only available twice in a month,) of visiting the Villa Farnesina and spending half-an-hour over Raphael's wonderful ceiling paintings of the Myth of Psyche and

double chin, a vulgar face, and a rather stupid expression. But the (so-called) gem of the collection is a Murillo, a very ugly Virgin, sitting with the infant Christ in her arms, against the background of a sun-baked wall. The coloring is superb, but the figure paint-

side which that of England is but of yesterday.

There are some good pictures here, but *the* thing is the gallery itself. It is 220 feet long, and ends at a sort of tribune, to which you ascend by several marble steps. One of these steps was broken by a cannon ball during the siege of Rome in 1849, and the Prince has never allowed it to be repaired. The cannon ball still lies where it rested on that memorable day in June, which seemed so fatal to the hopes of Young Italy.

This afternoon, (your last in Rome,) should be devoted to a drive along the Appian Way to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and a visit to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, where a jolly French monk will make the burial places of the early Christian martyrs interesting, without too much of sadness. But a description of this drive would be too long here and must be kept for another letter.

There is much more to see in Rome than the most indefatigable of sight-seers could compass in these five short days, but it must await another and a longer visit. Next time I should like to take you with me to some queer Roman Churches, to show you the Fountains of Rome and some of its interesting Relics, and to spend at least a day in an excursion to Albano, the Lake of Nemi and Frascati, or perhaps to Tivoli; in other words, to see something of the Environs of Rome.

C. R. W. BIGGAR.

(To be continued.)



MARS REPOSING.

Ludovisi Gallery, Rome.

ing is unpleasant, and the countenances are distinctly 'of the earth, earthy.'

Now we turn our steps, (or our carriage) homewards, calling on the way at the last gallery which we shall see in Rome, that, namely, which has its home in the magnificent palace of the great Colonnas—one of the oldest and proudest names in a peerage be-

AT POINT-AUX-PINS.

An Incident of a Holiday.

BY JEAN BLEWITT.

NATURE evidently meant Point Aux Pins to be picturesque, but men, those pigmy children of hers, who are forever thwarting her plans and spoiling her designs, have put forth puny efforts to render it commonplace. They have invaded its solitude in places, and the barn-like structures, the crazy zig-zag fences, even the long uneven dock around which the water plays, seem strangely out of place. Lake Erie slips her arm lovingly around it, and sings to it, by night and by day, softly or hoarsely as her mood may be. The oaks, great giant fellows, have caught the measure after a century of trying, and now the very swell of the waves is in the rustling leaves. To the front lies Rond Eau Bay—a big, wondering, blue eye which always seems modestly trying to veil itself from the sun's warm gaze, but which laughs and winks up knowingly at the inconstant moon at night. A pretty, coquettish, shallow thing, and so sheltered that nothing can touch to vex its calm, save the frolicsome west wind. When only a stone's throw away, Lake Erie is in a fury, Rond Eau Bay is so unruffled that the trees make a mirror of it, and the ragged clouds hurrying over look down and see another stormy heaven far below. The little boats upon its bosom dip their white sails gaily, and looking out across the bar "they wonder why great ships go down!" And the pines! you may watch them until your eyes grow weary, and the thick green outline remains unbroken.

There is no bending or swerving about them, they turn their faces neither to the east nor the west, but

ever and always up, up toward the blue sky overhead. They whisper strange stories to each other in the moonlight, stories of an earlier and more stirring time than this. Now it is of the herds of strong-limbed deer which used to bound across the valleys, seeking rest and shelter beneath their branches, sometimes spending their red life-blood there, in response to the swift whizz of an Indian's arrow; now, of dark-faced mothers singing their babes to slumber with a strange and unmelodious measure; now of the trysts kept by soft-eyed maidens and befeathered braves, in their far-away summer nights, when passion was abroad in this loneliness as elsewhere; now, of councils and of subtle craft; now, of war-dance and bloodshed—always of those who lived and loved and died so long ago. Sometimes, not often, one comes upon a hideous, staring idol, buried face down beside a stone which seems to mark the spot. They give one an uncanny feeling, worshipped and sacrificed to, in all sincerity, until the dawn of truth broke—then buried with infinite care.

"How did they pray to you?
What did they say to you—
Trembling and slow?
Did they ask gain of you?
Freedom of pain of you—
Kneeling so low?"

We wonder why the Indian did not destroy his idol—why bury it, and, more perplexing still, *why mark the grave?* Perhaps in some hour of dire need, some crisis in love or war, he meant to return to the old familiar worship once more—who knows? It

is a slow and uncertain process, this weaning a heart from its idols.

Point Aux Pins on a warm September evening is looking its very best!

"The place is silent, and aware
It has had its scenes, its joys and crimes,
But that is its own affair."

Two people, at least, are regarding it with marked satisfaction. They are quite worthy of attention, these two, as they sit beside the water on a piece of timber which has been cast up by the waves—so young, so happy, and so alike are they. Their blue eyes hold the same expression; their red lips the same laughter; their long curls the same glint of gold; and their blue serge dresses are of fine texture and fashionable make, for they are the twin daughters of a wealthy man; and it is their elder sister who stands a little way off, idly scattering pine needles, and talking with a big, homely man a dozen years her senior. Of the city world is he, with the stamp of the city's greatness and weariness on him. There are lines in his face which tell the story, somewhat too plainly, of forty-odd years of vigorous living; yet he does not seem old, and when he laughs at some remark of the woman's, his merriment has a ring in it which rarely crosses over from youth into middle age? With his tall figure, broad shoulders and massive head, he gives one the idea of strength alone at first—afterward of wondrous gentleness.

"We two stood there with never a third—unless we count the twins, Dick"—she is saying. "I feel like whispering here, the silence is so deep. The spirits of the dead warriors you have been telling me about are roaming close to us, it may be, and one wouldn't care to talk prosaic nineteenth century lore in their hearing. Really, one couldn't blame a ghost for haunting a spot like this, could one?"

"Well be careful; we're on uncanny ground, remember, and must guard

against giving umbrage to possible listeners. Anyway, it is almost time we started back, I think."

"Not just yet; it is so still and restful here, and once on board we are in a crowd, you know. I get a little tired of my friends sometimes, and when I do I am given to observing their shortcomings to an alarming extent. Major Scarfe gets suddenly fatter and balder; pretty Miss Ford's false bangs grow ever so much lighter than her own hair; Edith Lowndess fibs often and transparently, and even dear Miss Graeme seems full of folly. Do let me stay here and indulge in charitable reflections for a while longer; besides, the children are enjoying it you see."

"Just as you please. For my part, I could stay here for an indefinite period without experiencing a pang of homesickness for the decks of the *Bonnie Bell*. A three weeks' trip does rather dull one's craving for the companionship of the average fellow traveller, I confess. It is I who should be complaining though; you are not being confronted every hour of the day, in season and out of it, by a walking encyclopedia of every youthful exploit, commendable or disgraceful, in the person of a nice old lady. I daresay Miss Graeme means all right, but her extensive knowledge is growing to be the bane of my existence. Poets have sung of the friend of one's boyhood in a thousand different measures, but all this does not reconcile me. You can take my word for it, Mary, the friend of one's boyhood is, like a good many other idealized things, better viewed at a distance, sweeter as a memory than as a reality."

"Poor old boy! how ancient you must feel when she gets reminiscing about the days when you both went to the village school, and sat on the same bench. Read out of the one primer, didn't you?"

"I never went to school with her in the world. Why, she is twenty

years older than I!—a pretty pair of school-fellows truly! Miss Graeme is a fine woman, a little off, perhaps, on some matters, but a really fine woman though. I have to humor her whims.”

“It is fun to watch her as she dives into the past for items about you; and she resurrects such curious things, doesn’t she?”

“Yes, and you encourage her shamefully in it, I notice.”

“But tell me, did you really walk twelve miles to get a lock of hair from the pretty school-ma’am?”

“I did. I was spending the summer holidays in the country, and being young and overflowing with honest ambition, I hired myself to a farmer at seventy-five cents a day, intending to invest every penny of my earnings in a few hundred acres of real estate and some thorough-bred stock. My desire for opulence grew apace after I made the acquaintance of the pretty teacher. I kept a memorandum, and added up my capital every night. Then, one Sunday afternoon, when the corn was all in tassel and the maples full of blushes, I told her all my plans, and in return received her full confidence. She was going to marry her second cousin at Christmas—he had fallen heir to the homestead; the house was to be re-papered, and a kind old aunt had already made her forty-seven yards of rag carpet. Ah! that last item puzzles you, Mary. You never feasted your eyes on a real rag carpet. I have now; I know all about the things, for the folk all made them in the village which proudly boasts itself my birthplace. The woman tears up all her own old clothes, and her husband’s, and maybe some of the neighbors’; tears and tears and tears, and then sews and sews and sews, and finally weaves it into a wonderful thing which she calls a carpet. There is one point worth noticing in the matter; she can mix her orange and magenta and green in any and every way; she can make it as hideous as she wants to, and none dare lawfully

molest nor make her afraid. But this is a digression. My heart was broken there and then. However, she gave me a nice thick lock of her hair, which I placed, with trembling fingers, in my memorandum book.”

“And you kept it for how long?”

“I see you will have the whole miserable tale. I didn’t keep it long, for a reason. I placed it in my book, between the leaves which held my business-like account with my employer, and the oil with which it was imbrued, soaked and spread and rendered my writing blurred and unintelligible. It was a blow, for the farmer was anything but an honest son of toil. He must have cheated me out of as much as six dollars and seventy-five cents. Do you wonder that I cast it aside, it, and sentiment and ambition? There, now, is there any other story you want verified? This was my first romance.”

“And it has repeated itself so often,” she says, a trifle sadly. “Your romances have multiplied with the years until their name is legion.”

Over on the piece of timber the two miniature women are in a tremor of excitement. The murmur of the waves, the sighing of the pines, the tragedies of the past, present and future, all these are nothing to them—a venturesome angle-worm claims all their thought just now. “It’s a wiggle-waggle,” cries Dorothy, “a big creepy, crawly wiggle-waggle. Oh, look, how it can long itself out, and short itself up!”

“Hush, hush,” whispers Sis; “it’s looking for its head and can’t find it, poor thing!”

“But it hasn’t got any head at all, not a sign of one.”

“No, that’s why it can’t find it, don’t you see? Do you s’pose it would hurt me if I shoved it along a little with my finger?”

“How could it, when it hasn’t any head to bite with? Shove it a little do.”

There is a store of encouragement in Dorothy's words and manner, but Sis folds her chubby hands firmly in her lap, and gazes dubiously on their discovery. "I guess I won't try it," she says at length; "that hornet, yesterday, didn't bite me with its head, you know."

Over beside the pines the big homely man is keeping discreetly silent. He has had a good many "affairs," and he is too honest to deny the same, and far too cautious to affirm it.

"It seems to me I never go anywhere that someone doesn't bring up a tale of your flirtation with some belle who lived and moved and had her being when your life was in 'its green, glad spring.' What has become of your old loves?"

"Well, a goodly number have died of old age; there's a stern decree of nature, you know, Mary. Threescore

"Dick," she says, with a solemn shake of her head, "for two bright, even clever people, we do talk the most arrant nonsense in the world."

Having given cheerful assent to this, he is somewhat surprised when she reverts to the old subject.

"'He was such an impetuous wooer,' Miss Graeme is always saying, 'ready to run across a county if a pretty woman called to him, and such a favorite with all of them that he daren't show special favor to one lest it should call down the wrath of the rest.'"

His emphatic disclaimer passes quite unheeded. This sweet-faced, grey-eyed woman is evidently warming to her theme.

"Do you know, when I listen to all this—I have to listen of course—I don't like it, and when I see some woman, who must have been a beauty once, smiling half tenderly as she recalls the days when she and you were inseparable, driving together, walking together, reading together, enjoying life and youth together, I get a queer lump in my throat, Dick. It isn't

that I am jealous of any one person—I couldn't be that, you know—but rather of the years in which I had no part. I want to gather up the love you squandered like a spendthrift. You have laughed with many, and perhaps cried with a few, and I greedily desire both the laughter and the tears for my own. I want to be so much to you, and somehow—somehow—I realize that I am but a little late-comer into your heart, and that there isn't much space in it for me—it is so full of memories."

Who would have believed this, of quiet, cold Mary Denison? Some strange mood has come over her; never has she spoken so to him; never had she given him such a sorrowful but passionately loving look—never.

A white, young night is coming naked into a world which has only a robe of mist to offer in the way of swaddling clothes. Lights are beginning to show on the *Bonnie Belle*, and from her deck comes the sound of music, losing its strength and doubling its sweetness in its passage over the waves. He goes a step nearer, and, putting a hand on either cheek, forces her eyes to meet his. This is a new Richard Meredith, we may say, and she realizes the fact in that moment of full delicious silence. What in the world has she said? A warm blush covers her paleness quite from sight.

"Now, you shall hear the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," he says. "My romances, yes, they have been many, but my love affairs few, Mary. Don't you realize a difference between the two? Maybe I have thought a lot of a good many women—I daresay I have. But a man really loves but two women in a lifetime. One comes in youth's hey-day, and plays the first mad march on his heart-strings—he never quite forgets the sweetness of it. The other comes later, in the summer, or, it may be autumn, but come she when she will she fills his life completely. You are

this one, Mary, I thought you knew it all the time, thought there was no need of the telling of it? I love you. I don't know when or where I began loving you, but I do know I shall keep on loving you as long as I keep on living—maybe longer, who knows? Nothing else seems worth remembering, little girl! Do you know that I am homesick to-night for the fireside which is to be ours—a bit of heaven in the heart of the great city. How strange and passing sweet the thought is—our home—yours and mine! Are you glad, Mary?"

And men who meet this Richard Meredith every day laugh sometimes and say that he has no heart worth speaking of.

"But, why have you never talked so to me before?" questions she. "Even when you asked me to be your wife, you said only commonplace words, but now, now."

"Habit, dear one, habit,—we're slaves to it. The eyes of the world are so sharp, and its hearing so acute, that we get in the way of being crafty and obscure about real things.

"I had to woo you in society, and win you in society, and this society is a sort of curfew which compels us to lower our light and cover our fire, sometimes to put them out altogether. To-night we drifted over to this place and got near enough to nature's heart to be honest with one another, thank heaven!" He doffs his wide hat reverently.

"Mary," and the twins came forward hand-in-hand, "we want to tell you something, may we?" Mary put a kiss on each red mouth.

"What is it, darlings?"

"The world is a big place, isn't it?"

begins Dorothy. "But a man told Sis and me that God made every bit of it in six days, and rested and 'looked round after that.'"

"And we've been talking about it," chimes in Sis. "There's such a lot of everything, such big bunches of water, and ground and trees and gardens and worms and birds, and some roads running one way and some another, and, oh, ever so many things," throwing out her little arms as if to embrace all creation.

"Yes?" interrogates the young woman, softly. "Well, we—me and Dorothy, you know—we don't believe it was ever made in such a little while, do we Dorothy?"

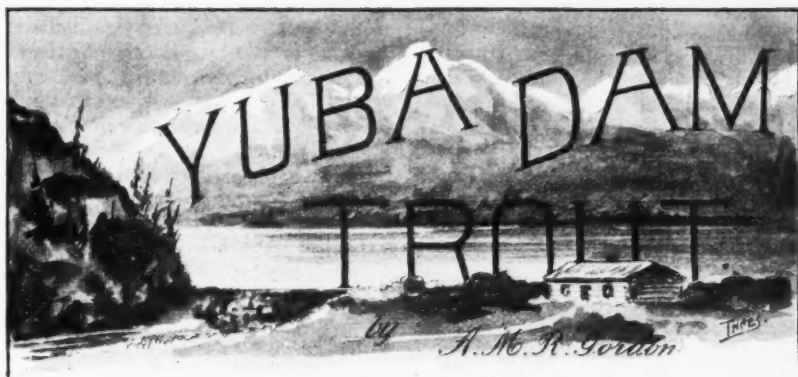
"Maybe it was," says the other grave-eyed doubter, gradually, "but we don't *think* it was."

"This case calls for prompt attention, it seems to me," says the big man. "Come, we will talk it over on board the boat, you mites of philosophers. Do you know if that little craft on the beach were to drift away we would be left here in the pines for good and all—another Swiss Family Robinson?" They go lingeringly down the path which a silver moon has kindled on the sand.

From the *Bonnie Belle* they look back at Point Aux Pins.

He seems well content; Mary's hand lies snugly in his larger one, and Mary's face is eloquent of many things as he quotes from their best loved poet:

"The forests had done it; there they stood;
We caught for a moment the powers at play,
They had mingled us so, for once and good,
Their work was done, we might go or stay;
They relapsed to their ancient mood."



Notes of a Fishing Trip Away up Among the Sierras.

THE discussion of the vexed question whether fishing up or down stream is the better method of angling for trout, had raged for months in the columns of the *San Francisco Breeder and Sportsman*, between Harry Gribbs, the Field Editor of that paper, and myself, with so much vigor and such expenditure of argument, on both sides, that we felt that something in the way of a practical test must be adopted, if anything like a settlement of the matter in dispute was to be reached. So it was finally agreed that my antagonist and myself should select some good, rapid mountain stream, and spend a day or two in whipping it—the one up and the other down stream—and compare results.

After due and careful consideration, as befitted so grave a subject, we decided on going to one of the several branches of the Yuba. The North Fork was the one finally chosen. The day of starting was appointed, and two companions were invited to accompany us and see fair play.

It is not too much to say that the result of the trip and of the contest was eagerly looked for by quite a circle of our brother anglers in San Francisco and throughout the State, their interest in the

question at issue having been excited by the dispute in *The Breeder and Sportsman*. Field Editor Gribbs had a high reputation as an authority on angling, and, indeed, on all other subjects pertaining to his department of the paper, so that his opinion counted for a good deal with those who knew him personally or by reputation. In this respect I was handicapped, for I had had only one day's fishing in the State, and that was not a great success, having been put in on the little creek Purissima, near San Mateo, and having resulted only in the capture of a lot of "fingerlings," caught mostly by the use of the grub of the "yellow-jacket" as bait (worms, so far as my experience has gone, are not obtainable in California, owing, I think, to the long-continued drought of the summer season). But I was not in the least afraid of the result in this case. Aside, altogether, from the confidence I had in the undoubted superiority of the method of down-stream fishing, were we not bound for a stream away up among the everlasting hills, and was it not on such streams and among such hills that I had learned how to lure the trout from foaming rapid and swirling pool, far away among the bens and glens of "bonnie Scotland?" I was quite sure

that it would take my good friend Gribbs all he knew to get away with me on that kind of "ground."

The two friends who completed our party were a stock-broker and a fishing-tackle dealer and gunsmith, both of San Francisco. The former was, like myself, a native of the Scottish Highlands, and, as I had reason to know, an expert trout-fisher—at least he had been until he adopted Gribbs' theory of fishing up-stream with fly.

The gunsmith, as we afterwards found, was a humbug, so far as knowing anything about the sport was concerned, and he, moreover, turned out a nuisance to every other member of the expedition. He is now dead; and though dead—and, a proverb says, we must not speak evil of the dead—it would be the greatest hypocrisy for me not to say that he succeeded very effectually in marring the enjoyment of the trip, and, ultimately, of bringing it to an abrupt and unexpected termination.

The gunsmith, it may be premised, had taken upon himself, without any instructions from the rest of the party, and certainly without any from me, to lay in a stock of "bait," such as a certain kind of anglers are accustomed to regard as indispensable. It was contained in two large demijohns, which, to the infinite disgust of the two Highlandmen in the party, were found to contain, the one a sweet variety of very cheap port, tasting something like the liquorice water of our nursery and school days, and the other, just about as cheap, and quite as unpalatable, as some brands of native claret. This was his first step in the direction of wrecking the comfort of the expedition and undermining the good humor of the party.

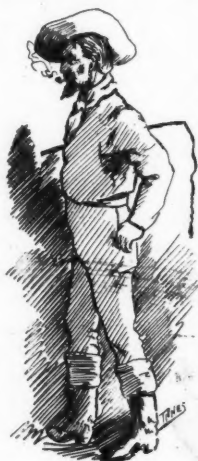
"Good heavens, man," said Gribbs, as we were speeding on by a Central Pacific train towards the foothills of the Sierras, "is that your idea of bait? I have my own opinion of you as a fisherman, after that. Why on earth did you not bring at least one demi-

john of whisky,—bourbon or rye? Do you know that there are hundreds of rattlers where we are going; and that one or all of us may be bitten at any moment? In such a case what are we to do for the only antidote to snake poison that is known to science? What a lunkhead you are, to be sure!"

Then Gribbs, who had been on the Yuba before, and professed to know all about the place and its fauna, started off at score with the most blood-curdling stories of the number and viciousness of the "rattlers" we were certain to meet with, until we were

fain to make him shut up and go to sleep, as we, all of us, made haste to do. But his stories had the effect of making the rest of us full of the most uncomfortable apprehensions during the whole of the remainder of the trip, as I shall have occasion to tell later on.

In the grey dawn of the summer morning we reached Cisco, our jumping-off place. It is a small sta-



ALECK.

tion, only a short distance from Summit, the highest point that the railway crosses in the Sierras. Below it, in a hollow, or rather on the slope of the mountain, which shelves steeply down to the bed of the South Yuba, is a small hostelry and general store, reached by a sloping, covered way intended to preserve means of communication between the station and the hotel in the winter, when there is a tremendously heavy fall of snow all over the country. In that covered way the visitor will find a spring of the most conceivably pure ice-cold water, which is said to flow all winter, defying Jack Frost, though he reigns in those regions then

as a monarch whose rule is not to be disputed.

When we arrived there was no one stirring in the hotel, and we had to take shelter in a sort of a shed in the rear of it, making the best of our circumstances (which were, to say the least, far from comfortable in the "nipping and eager" air of an early morning in the bosom of the mountains) until the people of the inn should be stirring. The soft side of a plank is not an ideal couch on which to court repose, but we were very tired, and, therefore, glad to be out of the open air. So we snoozed away, more or less soundly, until awakened by the stamping of hoofs outside and the clatter of cooking utensils in the kitchen of the inn.

The former noise was made, we found, by about half-a-dozen mules, and a horse or two, under the charge of old Aleck, a tough, gnarled, and wrinkled "old timer," who, with his outfit of horses and mules, did most of the "packing" to different houses and stations that lay scattered here and there at long intervals among the mountain canyons. He was a typical specimen of his class; seemed utterly incapable of fatigue, and looked as surly and cross-grained as he was, in reality, good-humored, sunny-tempered and obliging.

He had been notified by wire, from San Francisco, to meet us at Cisco, and be prepared to take us up the mountains, over the eight miles that intervene between Cisco and the canyon through which the North Yuba flows; so he immediately took us under his wing, brought us into the hotel, and proceeded to the kitchen, where we could hear him, in the choice vernacular of the mountains, hurrying up the cook in the preparation of breakfast. That meal was soon ready, and was disposed of with the appetite which mountain air seems always to produce.

Then we made a start, each one of us perched on the hurricane deck of

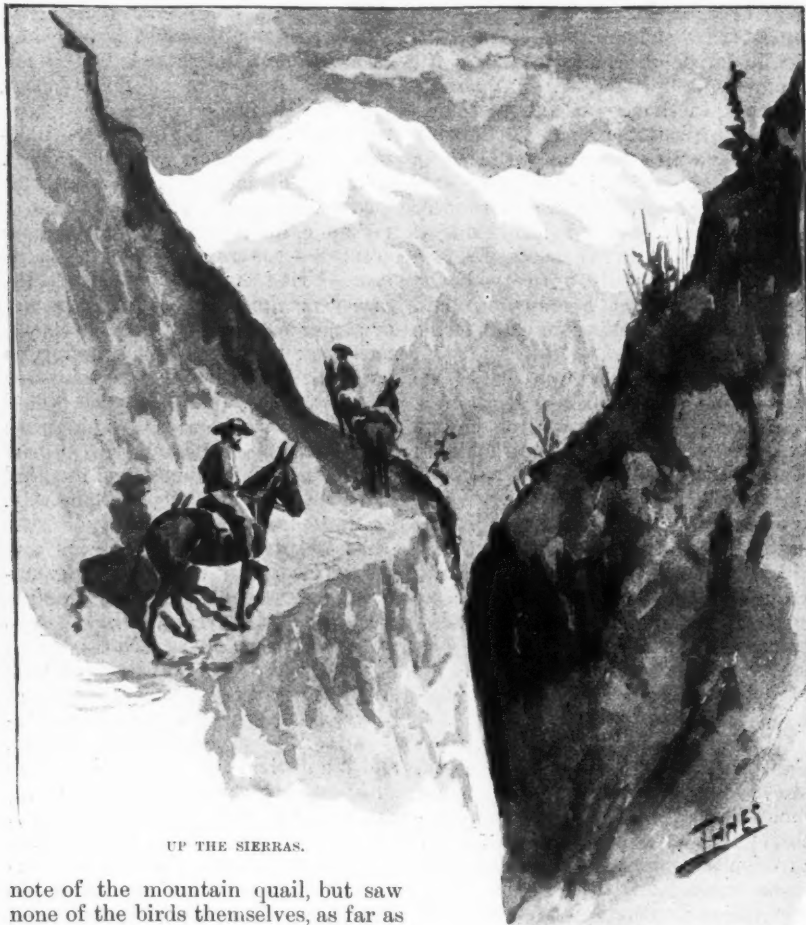
a mule, on which a Mexican saddle, of uncompromisingly wooden qualities, was lashed. I was unfortunate in getting an animal of a sullen temper and the most uncomfortable gait imaginable; so that, long before we reached our destination, I would have gladly dismounted and walked, had it not been that I felt "in my bones" that, after the first mile or two, I had been rendered utterly incapable of independent locomotion. So I had to stick to my saddle, and gaze, as steadily as I could, straight between the ears of my mule, for the road, or—to be more accurate—the trail, after the first half-mile, skirted the edge and crossed the face of precipices of such dizzy height, or rather depth, that it made us almost sick to look down, knowing, as we did, all the time, that a false step on the narrow, shelf-like path, would send mule and rider headlong to death in the ravine below. It was a new sensation for us all, but one of the kind of which a very little goes a long way.

Aleck taxed our credulity to the utmost by assuring us that this was the very road by which building material, heavy machinery, and supplies, were wont to be conveyed in the days of the gold rush to the North Yuba; but we were soon satisfied that he spoke only the truth, when, at the end of five miles or so, we came to a comparatively level part of the mountain, and found the ruins of what had been substantial houses, and the rusting machinery of stamp mills, which had been abandoned by the disappointed gold-seekers when the mines had petered out. It made one melancholy to look at these evidences of disappointed hopes, and labor expended in vain. There are, however, many of such ruins to be found scattered among the Sierras.

From the time we left the valley of the South Yuba, the only traces of animal life we saw were a few scattered "bunches" of cattle, and an occasional flock of sheep, feeding far down below us in the scanty bottom lands at

the base of the precipitous sides of the canyons, along which we were slowly and fearfully picking our way. To be sure we occasionally heard the shrill

his eyes in amazement. These insects give forth a loud and rapid "schik-schik-schik," which sounds so like the warning given by the rattlesnake just



UP THE SIERRAS.

note of the mountain quail, but saw none of the birds themselves, as far as I remember. They are a far wrier and wilder bird than the "Bob White" of the Eastern States, or the common quail found in such numbers all over the lowlands of California. We had, too, increasing aural evidence of the existence in large numbers of a kind of grasshopper, or locust, abounding in the Sierras, and of a size that would make the oldest Kansas farmer open

before he strikes, that it might well startle the boldest. It certainly had a most demoralizing effect on one, at least, of our party, especially after the snake stories with which the highly

imaginative Gribbs had regaled us on the train the preceding evening.

We reached our destination—8,000 feet above sea level—in good time in the afternoon—that is to say, all did but myself. The accursed animal which I had the misfortune to bestride could not be induced to move at a pace more rapid than a walk, and a very slow walk at that. Indeed, I am not sure that, after the first attempt or two, I showed any particular anxiety to make him accelerate his pace, for his so doing would have increased the discomforts of my seat perilously near to the verge of agony. The reader will readily understand what I mean when I say that I lost considerable "leather" through contact with that unspeakably "wooden" Mexican saddle. The result of my mule's deliberate gait was that I was left far behind the rest of the cavalcade, and, not having the advantage of Aleck's guidance, lost my way, as a matter of course, reaching the north fork of the Yuba a considerable distance below the dam. Immediately on realizing the situation, I "harked" back, and fortunately fell in with Aleck, who had returned along the trail to look for me. Thus I was a full two hours later than the rest of the party in reaching the dam and getting off my mule.

How thankful I was to dismount, and what untold agonies I suffered in attempting to walk, after I had "climbed down," I will not attempt to describe. I do not feel that I could do the task justice. If I could, the "tale of woe" would read like an extract from Dante's *Inferno*.

The house where we stopped was situated on a ridge above the dam, which filled the narrow canyon below for a distance of some three miles up towards the source of the stream. The building was a substantial one of two stories, and was the place where the man who had the care of the dam and the regulating of the flow of water supplied from it to the mining camps below resided the year round.

He had a sufficiently lonely life of it during the summer, for he rarely saw a human face save when old Aleck arrived with supplies for him or brought a party of anglers, like ourselves, to whip the waters of the dam or of the Yuba. In winter he had another man as a companion, and, together, the two men passed the long, dreary months of snow. One was glad to find that they were fairly well supplied with newspapers, magazines and other kinds of reading matter, and that they could always communicate with Cisco by the telephone erected for the purpose of giving them their orders as to the number of "inches" (miners' measurement) of water they were expected to supply.

The young fellow whom we found in charge was a Swede, but he spoke English very well, and seemed to have read a good deal. He liked the life, he said, and had no intention of quitting it. He lived in the second storey of the house, the lower part being filled with stores of food and firewood. In the railing that ran round the balcony on the top of the first storey was a gate opening into space, but the man explained that when the snow came the gate opened on a bank of it which must have been at least ten feet in depth to have reached that level. When one learned that this state of things lasted from seven to eight months each year, he could not help wondering how any man could stand a life spent under these conditions. He would be far safer, and nearly as comfortable, in jail.

I made my way into the house as best I could in my crippled condition, and learned that the two exponents of "up stream" fly-fishing had stolen a march on me and gone down to the river a good hour before my arrival. I felt that this was hardly fair, but, after resting my aching bones and muscles for a while, and eating something with a capital appetite, I made up my mind to go fishing alone, although I would have given a good

deal to have lain down on my bed and rested until morning.

I put my fishing tackle in good order, and started down towards the bed of the stream, followed by encouraging remarks from the objectionable gunsmith to the effect that Gribbs was, in all probability, by that time pulling out the trout by the dozen. "For," added he, "if they are there he's the boy that can fetch them out."

Muttering under my breath anything but a benediction on the fellow, I fired a parting shot at him in the shape of a suggestion that it would be all the better for his health if he left that port wine which he had bought for bait severely alone for the rest of the day, and I descended the rough mountain side to the stream and began to whip carefully every likely spot. It looked an ideal trout stream, and I had no doubt of giving a good account of myself during the two or three hours of daylight that remained. But I was disappointed. I learned afterwards that an extra head of water was on, in accordance with orders from some hydraulic mining camp down the stream, and the consequence was that the volume of water in the rocky channel was at least three times that which usually flowed through it. This had the effect of seriously diminishing the chances of making anything like a good basket, and at the end of an hour I had only nine trout, and these of a very ordinary size. Then I stopped fishing, and struck out for home, not having seen a sign of the "up-stream" champions.

It was not, however, altogether, or even chiefly, the poor success I had had in fishing that made me leave and strike up the stream for the Swede's house. The fact was that I could not have continued fishing any longer had the sport been all that I could have desired, for I had become sick, very sick, from a cause which is easily explained, and which, I think, will be read-

ily recognized as sufficient to have produced the effect it did.

I have already more than once referred to the snake stories to which Gribbs treated us just after we had started. I have also mentioned the large grasshoppers and their shrill, rattle-like note. I may add that, at that time, I had an altogether unreasoning horror of falling in with a rattlesnake, never having seen one in a wild state in my life. Well, as I walked along the rough banks of the stream, stepping carefully from rock to rock, in the intervals of watching my flies float from ripple to ripple and across likely eddies and swirls, every now and then a sharp "schick-schick-schick" would sound just at my feet, and I would jump, as it seemed to me, several feet in the air, hurry away from the spot where, I felt sure for the moment, a rattler was coiled up and ready to strike. It was no matter that, in every instance, I found I was mistaken. On the very next recurrence of the sound I would jump just as high and just as far, while my heart palpitated, from abject terror, till its throbbing sounded in my ears like the beating of a trip-hammer. I was, moreover, somewhat run down, in consequence of a solid year's very hard and unremitting work on the paper with which I was connected, and my physical condition was anything but improved by the awful experience I had had that day on mule-back. The result was that the repeated scares (the grasshoppers were very plentiful by the side of the stream), so worked upon my nerves that, as I have said, I grew deathly sick, and made my way as best I could to the welcome shelter of the house.

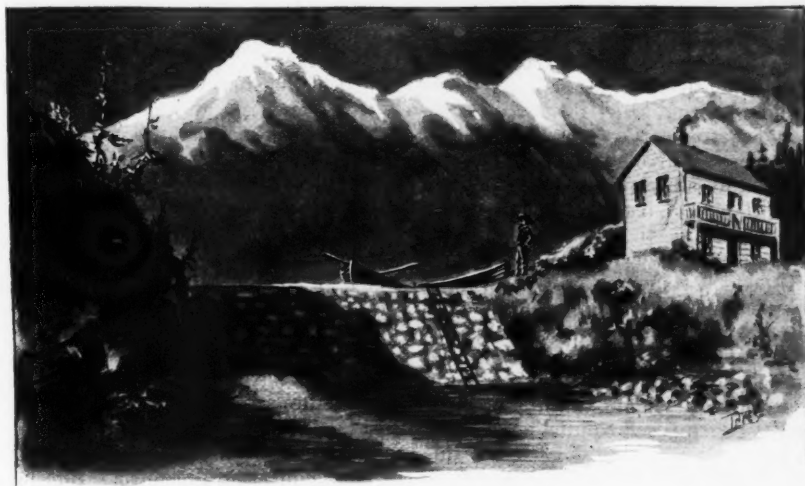
Arrived there, I threw myself on the bed, after giving my nine trout to the Swede to clean and sprinkle with salt, more as evidence to convince the "up-streamers," when they should arrive than for any value they were in themselves. I soon fell into a troub-

led slumber, and only woke up for a little when my friends reached the house, which they did not do until sometime after night-fall.

I learned, with no little satisfaction I am free to admit, that they had only three trout between them, and that their "up-stream" method had proved an utter failure on the Yuba. In point of fact, neither of them had caught a single trout on the stream, as I learned from the candid stock-broker the next day, and they had, as a last resort, gone to the dam, taken

not on the Dam, and by fishing downstream.

I passed a miserable, restless night, the result of over-excited nerves, and only dozed off, at intervals, into an uneasy and troubled slumber, from which I awoke with a start to find myself bathed in a cold perspiration. Besides this, my muscles were as sore as if I had undergone a sound mauling with a club, and, altogether, I was just about as miserable a man as could be found that night from the Sierras to the sea.



HEADQUARTERS.

one of the two boats kept there for the use of the keeper, and had fished as long as daylight served them, with the result indicated.

Fortunately for their feelings, I was too ill to indulge in the luxury of "crowing" over them, as I should have been otherwise delighted to do, and all hands were soon asleep, neither of my friends having said one word about up-stream or down-stream fly-fishing after they learned that I had brought home just three times the number of their combined catch and had honestly caught mine on the Yuba,

As soon as day broke, however, I got up and crawled down, as best I could, to the side of the lake—Fordyce's dam was the name it was known by—and took a dip in its clear, and almost ice-cold waters. This braced me up wonderfully, and helped to restore my nervous system to something like its proper tone. It also relieved, to a remarkable degree, the soreness of my muscles and the stiffness of my joints, so that, when I appeared at the house, I looked and felt a different kind of a man from the wreck that had crawled away from it an hour or so before.

I cannot possibly give the reader, with pen and ink, the faintest idea of the grandeur and sublimity of the scene that I looked on, as I paused before entering the house and gazed away up the canyon in which the lake lay. The bare, precipitous sides of the Sierras rose on each side, almost sheer from the edge of the water, until their lofty peaks seemed to pierce the cloudless sky of the California summer. Their nakedness was not even screened, but was rather accentuated, by the occasional scrub pines that found a precarious foothold among the rocks and loose boulders. Looking down the river, a similar scene met the eye, the only striking difference being that the stream, broken into rapid eddy and swirl in its rocky and boulder-strewn bed, took the place of the placid, mirror-like lake. It was an inexpressibly grand scene: but one could not help feeling something like depression at the absolute solitude that reigned over it all. Yet it gave me the idea, somehow, of a fit dwelling for the Deity, the innermost shrine of the glorious temple furnished by Nature to be the abode of her King. It had the grandeur, the sublimity and the solitude which Infinite Majesty might be supposed to inhabit.

When I turned my back on this wonderful scene, bathed, as it was, in the golden light of the early morning sunshine, and entered the house, I found my companions hurriedly dressing and getting ready to discuss an excellent breakfast which our host had prepared. We soon satisfied our hunger, and then decided to take to the boats, of which there were two on the lake, and try for some of the big Webber Lake trout with which it was said to have been stocked. The stock-broker, Gribbs, and myself, went in one boat, and left to the objectionable gunsmith the entire and exclusive use of the other. And here, again, the abominable and unblushing selfishness of the man showed itself. He did not, like the rest of us, use the fly, but

threw out two spoons, attached to strong lines, and then pulled and splashed his way up the lake, yelling, meanwhile, at the pitch of his voice, all sorts of inquiries and observations. If ever there was a man heartily and emphatically anathematized that day, it was the gunsmith.

We three, or rather two of us—for one had to man the oars—tried a few casts as we rowed up the lake, but, probably because the day was too bright and the surface of the lake too placid, we did not even get a rise. The member of the stock board, having, however, noted where a small stream ran into the lake, forming a fairly large pool just at its mouth, we pulled to the shore, landed at a point a little below it, and crept carefully to within casting distance of the pool. Our success was marked and immediate, and soon half-a-dozen two-pounders were in our baskets, the lion's share falling to the broker, to whom, as the first discoverer of the pool, the right of first fishing was conceded. But a speedy end was put to our sport. That irrepressible gunsmith came pulling toward us, and rowed his boat right into the pool. That settled it. We re-entered our boat in great disgust, and pulled as fast as we could for the head of the lake, endeavoring to shake off the gunsmith. But he was not so easily to be shaken off. We had scarcely reached the head of the lake and begun from behind the rocks, in which an ideal pool, or "pot," as the Scotch would call it, had been formed by the Yuba, after falling over a succession of rocky shelves on the hillside, when the unconscionable villain, shouting his idiotic remarks and splashing and floundering with his oars as before, pulled up into the centre of the pool and drove every trout in it away out into the lake. We could have killed him right there; and, if I remember rightly, Gribbs, who had a revolver and a big hunting-knife strapped to his person, muttered some words expressive of an overpowering

desire to have his blood. However, beyond giving him a highly-garnished piece of mind, couched in the picturesque and vigorous language of the West, Gribbs did nothing, and we soon took to our boat and rowed away back to the lower end of the lake. We were all too much disgusted with the way in which our sport had been spoiled to do any more fishing, so we disposed ourselves as comfortably as we could around the Swede's sitting-room, and smoked and read, making all sorts of resolutions to make up for the lost time on the morrow.

Our well-laid plans, however, went "agley," and our resolutions were only partially fulfilled. Gribbs and the gunsmith got into an argument regarding some gut "casts" which the former had bought in the latter's store, and which, he asserted, had turned out to be worthless. They sat opposite each other, and the longer they sat the more denunciatory of the "casts" did the Field Editor become, and the more doggedly did the gunsmith maintain their excellence and superiority to all "casts" in California or elsewhere. Personalities soon came to be exchanged; finally, the two adjourned to the veranda, with the avowed intention of having it out. The broker did his best to pacify them, but, for some time, without avail. Finally, and through sheer exhaustion, they "let up" and retired, in gloomy and offended dignity, to their respective rooms.

The next morning they were still morose and sulky, and, after breakfast, Gribbs expressed his unalterable determination to walk back to Cisco. No amount of persuasion would induce him to change his mind, and he started. The gunsmith, not to be outdone, followed at a safe distance, and the broker and I were left alone to await the return of Aleck and his pack mules from another point farther away among the mountains.

As he was not expected until towards evening, we went to the lake

and succeeded in catching a very nice basket of trout, which we carefully cleaned and salted, with the intention of taking them with us to San Francisco.

As we had to walk about a mile in order to strike the trail along which Aleck and the mules were to come, we consigned the demijohns, and what was left of their contents, to the Swede, until either Gribbs or the gunsmith should come or send after them—something we knew they would never do—and we started.

We had to wait until it was dusk before Aleck and his cavalcade picked us up, and we had the pleasant prospect ahead of us of descending that awful apology of a road, down the mountains to Cisco, in a pitch dark night. The mules were, however, familiar with the route, and as sure-footed as chamois, and we reached Cisco in safety, but, if possible, stiffer and sorer than we had been after our ride up.

We found the deserters at the inn, regaling themselves on something a little more wholesome than that sickly sweet port or sour claret, and recounting their feats in catching fingerlings in the South Fork of the Yuba, having apparently buried the hatchet and agreed to drop, for good, the question of the merits or demerits of those gut "casts."

So ended our trip to Fordyce's dam, on the North Fork of the Yuba, for we left, that same night, by rail for Frisco; but we had learned one lesson,—yea, two, which we had laid to heart—that is to say, the broker and I did. The first was never to go on a fishing expedition with a loud-mouthed, ignorant and drunken companion who knows as little of fishing as he does of the canons of ordinary courtesy, and of what one might call "the rule of the road," (or, say, "of the rod") when fishing near you. The second was, never to take any "liquid" bait with us, when we went fishing—or, at least, if we did, something more pala-

table and invigorating than sweet port wine or sour claret—for example, “the only antidote to the poison of a rattlesnake known to science.”

Another thing was settled entirely, to the satisfaction of, at least, one member of the party, that up-stream

fishing with the fly, is a fad, a fraud, and a fallacy.

And still another fact—the imaginative Gribbs, to the contrary, notwithstanding—we were assured of, viz.: that there is not one single “rattler” on the North Yuba.



BYRON.

True poet, cherished by the brave and free,
Hater of guile and dull hypocrisy,
Who saw too clearly with those piercing eyes,
And showed too well the world's vile creed of lies.
Adored and hated, flattered and betrayed,—
O ! noble heart by treachery savage made !

The soul of flame, the words of life and might,
That were thy gifts from Heaven, child of light,
(Though now some dolts to flout thy verse presume,
Like monkeys chattering o'er a sultan's tomb)—
Will make thy name, while England's speech shall last,
Endure like some grand temple of the past,
While envious dullards' words that vexed thee so,
Have vanished like the flakes of last year's snow.
And for thy faults—for faults thy greatness stained—
Surely thy death can plead a true atonement gained.
Sure y thy life of storm had earned thee rest,
Surely thou knowest now that all was for the best.

—REGINALD GOURLAY

THE STORY OF CASTLE FRANK, TORONTO.

BY H. SCADDING, D.D.

THE widely-extended limits of Toronto now enclose several localities which once bore independent appellations of their own, significant and interesting as having been derived from the properties or residences of early inhabitants.

Thus, Caer-Howell, a well-known place of resort, situated on the west side of Queen-street Avenue, was the name given by Chief Justice Powell to his park lot extending from Queen to Bloor-streets. The name signifies the stronghold or headquarters of the Hoels, and has reference to the noble Welsh family name borne by the Chief Justice Powell, that is Ap-Hoel.

On this lot, but somewhat nearer Queen-street, was the mausoleum or family vault of the Chief Justice, since transferred to St. James' Cemetery.

Along Queen-street, a little to the west on the north side, where the expansion occurs between Beverley-street and Spadina Avenue, was formerly a property entitled "Petersfield," denoting the park lot or farm of the celebrated Peter Russell, whose name remains attached to Peter-street, leading up from the south into the expansion aforesaid, which marks exactly the frontage of the property formerly known as "Petersfield."

The name Spadina, now so extensively applied, in the first instance properly appertained only to the site of Spadina House, situated on the rising land immediately to the north of the avenue. In fact, the word Spadina is a modification of a native Indian term, sounding somewhat like Espadinong, and denoting a hill or rise of land, an expression selected by Dr. William Baldwin, the former owner of the spot, who also affixed the In-

dian term Mashquoh,* signifying a meadow or plain, to the adjoining property.

At a later time, "Deer Park," just to the eastward, extending to Yonge-street, had its name likewise suggested by the level character of the land around. Captain Elmslie surrounded a number of acres here with a picket fence eight feet high, for the purpose of keeping deer.

Mr. Heath, who at a later period became the owner, changed the name to Lawton Park, but the old title is still often to be heard.

Russell Hill was another portion of the rise of land hereabout, as is also Summer Hill, across Yonge-street to the eastward.

Westward from Spadina, on the same rise, was Davenport, a name given by Colonel Wells to his property there; and further westward still, but to the south, were Oak Hill and Pine Grove, the former the home anciently of General Eneas Shaw, and the latter that of his neighbor and old friend, Colonel Givins.

Bellevue Place and Bellevue Avenue, a little to the east of these properties, preserve the name of Bellevue, a primitive and central home of the Denisons.

A pretty expression, long attached to a considerable strip of the Elmslie estate west of Yonge-street and somewhat south of Bloor—Clover Hill—is now I fear banished from Toronto nomenclature.

The extensive area known by the pleasant name of "Rosedale," contains a reminiscence of the picturesque residence and grounds of Stephen Jar-

* Longfellow adopts the orthography, "Muskoday." See *Hiawatha*, 5th section.

"By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow."

vis, Registrar of the County and father of the first Sheriff, William Botsford Jarvis.

The fine approach to the Rosedale region from the south, known as Jarvis-street, derives its name from the distinguished Secretary Jarvis of the early Simcoe period, through the centre of whose park lot, all the way from Queen to Bloor-street, it was made to pass in after times by his son, Samuel Peters Jarvis. Jarvis-street is now applied to the whole thoroughfare leading southward to the bay.

Street names, as we have seen in various other instances, perpetuate the designation by which certain distinct localities in Toronto were formerly known. Two or three of such localities still remain, not as yet wholly absorbed into the sum total, so to speak, of the city, although that absorption is steadily going on, and must ultimately be complete. The domain around Beverley House is perceptibly diminishing, and the same must be said of that surrounding Berkeley House in the eastern portion of the city, the old seat of the Smalls; as also of the spacious surroundings of Moss Park, which extended until quite recent times northerly to Bloor-street.

The Grange, at the head of John-street, associated so intimately with memories of the Boulton family, seems likely to be the last to succumb before the aggressions of city extension.

There remains to be mentioned a notable locality now enclosed within the limits of Toronto, towards the north-east, and bounded by the River Don. I refer to the Castle Frank portion of the city, where a Castle Frank avenue and a Castle Frank Crescent, have been authoritatively established.

The name of Castle Frank is invested with a number of associations now become quite historic in Canadian annals, and of these I proceed to make some record.

The Castle Frank region may be roughly defined as the piece of land bounded on the east by the River Don,

on the west by Parliament-street, on the north by Bloor, and on the south by Wellesley-street. It consisted of the northern halves of lots 16 and 17, in the first survey made of this part of the county of York, and contained about 225 acres. The southern halves of these lots, stretching to the water's edge on the south, formed the reserve set apart for the Government buildings of the province and grounds attached thereto.

The 225 acres just referred to were patented by Lieut.-Gov. Simcoe to his son Francis Gwillim Simcoe, a child born prior to his father's mission to Canada, from whom the property was styled "Castle Frank Farm," as may be seen in a plan drawn from the survey of Augustus Jones, attested by the acting Surveyor-General, D.W. Smith.

This plan, drawn on a scale of four chains to an inch, shows the exact situation of a building erected on the property, with the track leading thereto from the westward cut out through the woods; it also shows the windings of the Don, by means of which Castle Frank could be approached in boats coming up from the mouth of the river.

The attractions of the spot where the building was placed must have been its picturesque wildness and its elevation above the level of the river. The heights here were covered with tall pines; below, in the Don valley, were fine elms, (clothed, some of them, with the Virginia creeper), basswood (the linden), and buttonwood trees (*platanus* or *plane*). On the opposite side of the valley were clusters of the wild apple, or crab, noticeable for its beautiful and fragrant blossoms, the prickly ash, shad-bush, or service berry, dogwood, sassafras bushes, and white birch; the hemlock, spruce and white cedar, the high bush cranberries, alder, dark willow, nine bark spirea, etc., in moist situations.

Several "Hog's Backs," as they are termed, or long, narrow ridges, ran down to the valley, on both sides of

the River Don, at this point. In far back pre-historic times, Lake Ontario spread its waters a good way to the north of this, and as the land slowly ascended, the waters correspondingly descended, and scooped out for themselves various channels in the Drift along the shore, thereby forming these so-called "Hog's Backs," two or three of which come out into the valley of the Don just here in a curiously converging way, probably from some peculiar conformation of rock below.

Immediately under the site of Castle Frank, to the west, was a deep ravine

mount always spoken of as the "Sugar Loaf," the apex of which must long have appeared, above the retiring waters, as a minute island.

Castle Frank itself, situate on a narrow plateau between two steep declivities, was a structure of carefully hewn logs, covered with a wideish clapboard.

It was an oblong about 80 feet in length and 40 feet in width, and some 20 feet to the eaves. The entrance door was in the middle of the southern end, where the stout boles of four pine trees, with the bark carefully preserved, supported a projecting gable somewhat after the manner of pillars at the end of a Grecian temple. The windows were on the sides.

Out of the middle point of the roof arose a massive chimney containing several flues. It may be said that the building was never thoroughly completed or occupied, and was never intended to be in any sense an official residence or anything more than



SIMCOE CHAPEL, ENGLAND.

containing a perennial stream known and marked on plans as "Castle Frank" Brook, which entered the Don at the southern point of one of the "Hog's Backs" referred to, where also was a small island formed in the river, covered with vines of the wild black grape, close to which island, and in some way connected with it, was a large patch of genuine wild rice, duly visited every fall by discerning wild fowl.

On the east side of the site of the building the bank of the Don was steep and precipitous, and a little way to the north was a singular conical

a kind of occasional summer picnic resort. The term *Castle*, which was intended to be simply synonymous with the French *Chateau*, has been somewhat misleading.

It is amusing to observe how conspicuously the name figures on the American Plan of the capture of York in 1812, to be seen in Lossing, page 590. D. W. Smith also, in a plan of his Maryville estate, marks the road to Castle Frank in large letters.

On the plan drawn by Augustus Jones the whole plot of ground is described as "Castle Frank Farm," and is stated to be the property of

Francis Simcoe, Esq. This, as we have already seen, meant the very youthful son of the Governor; the "Esquire" is possibly appended in a somewhat playful strain. The plan also shows the exact situation of the house of Mr. Playter, whose name is given. This was Mr. George Playter, the first patentee of the surrounding land. His house stood exactly where the modern "Drumsnab" is now seen.



FRANK G. SIMCOE.

The full name of the young patentee was Francis Gwillim Simcoe, the middle name being that of his mother's family. During the progress of the building he was often seen, I have been told, clambering with boyish glee, in company with a young sister, up and down the steep and thickly wooded bank on the river side, passing to and from the boats, in the stream below, which had found their way to the spot, though the innumerable sinuosities of the Don, all the way from its mouth in Toronto Bay. The

after life and premature end of the youth from whom this region has taken its name imparts to the story of Castle Frank a certain degree of romance.

Governor Simcoe was a well-read and scholarly man. His journal of the operations of the "Queen's Rangers," printed in quarto, for private circulation, in 1787, and reprinted in octavo at New York in 1844, by Bartlett and Walford, for general circulation, has become a classic in the literature connected with the American Revolution.

In that work, to avoid the appearance of egotism, the writer uses the third person and not the first—in this respect, as also in purity and conciseness of style, reminding us of Xenophon in his "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," and Caesar in the commentaries.

In the course of his military studies Governor Simcoe may have had his attention arrested by operations under the walls of the old town of *Castelle Franco*, in the north of Italy, in the Venetian territory; or, under the walls of another old town of the same name, *Castel Franco*, in the territory of Benevento, in the south of Italy; or it may be his attention had been directed to campaigns near the town of *Castle Franc* in the south-west of France, not far from Bordeaux.

Accordingly, where a name was to be given to the quaint chateau of pine-logs overlooking the valley of the Don, erected on the property lately patented to his little son and heir, Francis Gwillim Simcoe, "*Castle Frank*" may have suggested itself, at first probably not in serious earnest, but at last good-humoredly adopted as a sufficiently descriptive appellation.

The young son of the Governor thus commemorated figures again in the accounts which we have of the Governor's life at Navy Hall, on the opposite side of Lake Ontario. Navy Hall, as will be remembered, was the

title given, probably also in a mood somewhat jocose, to a long and capacious frame building adapted for the reception of marine stores and material for the general equipment of Government vessels on the lake. This edifice, situated on the west bank of the Niagara, a little way up from its mouth, had been partially cleared out and hurriedly fitted up as a temporary residence for the Governor and his family on their arrival at Newark, as Niagara on the Lake was styled in 1792.

Navy Hall, of which I have an original water color drawing of the period, from the hand of Mrs. Simcoe herself, was the only fixed abode of the Governor while in Canada.

During his sojourn at York, on the north side of the lake, he found shelter in a movable canvas house which had once been the property of the celebrated navigator, Capt. Cook, and was regarded as a curiosity throughout the whole country. At Navy Hall he dispensed a liberal hospitality, gave balls, and entertained passing visitors of eminence. As to the life in the curious canvas house at York we have the following testimony of Commodore Bouchette:

"Frail as was its substance, it was rendered exceedingly comfortable, and soon became as distinguished for the social and urbane hospitality of its venerated and gracious host, as for the peculiarity of its structure."

It was probably in one apartment, the ball-room say, of the rude structure of Navy Hall that the first parliament of Upper Canada was held. The Duc de Liancourt in his "Travels in the United States, &c." vol. 1, p. 256, describes the scene as witnessed by him, it may have been in this very chamber, at the second session of the Parliament. "The Governor," the Duke says, "entered the Hall dressed in silk, with his hat on his head, attended by his adjutant and two secretaries, and the speech was then read."

In this same book of travels by the

Duc de Liancourt, the son of the Governor, from whom Castle Frank takes its name, again appears.

"The Governor," the Duke says, "was very anxious to oblige and please the Indians: his only son, a child some four years of age, was dressed as an Indian and called Tioga, which name was given him by the Mohawks." "This little comedy," the Duke adds, "may be of use in the intercourse with the Indians: the child, we are told, was adopted as a chief."

The term, Tioga, I was once assured by an intelligent Indian missionary (Mr. Elliot), designates something that stands between two objects tending to unite them: and so the child of the governor thus distinguished and titled might be hoped, in after time, to prove a link of union between the Government and the Indian community; but it was destined to be otherwise. The after history of the boy, however, as we have already stated, served to form a link of association between the name of Castle Frank and certain events happening in the outer world on a broad scale. In after years, the child became, like his father, a soldier.

Gen. Simcoe, on the occurrence of his fiftieth birthday, in 1801, uses the following language to the clergyman of his parish, while suggesting to him subjects for a jubilee sermon:—

"There is a text in Leviticus, I believe, that particularly enforces purity of heart to those who aspire to military command. As mine, in all views, is a military family, it may not be amiss in a more especial manner to inculcate the remembrance of the Creator to those who shall engage in the solemn duties of protecting their country at these times from foreign usurpation.

For Leviticus here we should probably read "the book of Joshua," whence the text selected by the clergyman for the Jubilee Sermon was derived—chap. 24, verse 15.

The young soldier was carefully educated in accordance with the principles indicated in the General's letter.

He was trained classically and mathematically at Eton, and in due time obtained a commission in the army.

That he was mathematically trained I have evidence in a volume which I am so fortunate as to possess; it is a Simson's Euclid, bearing date 1804, and containing an original autograph, "F. G. Simcoe, Eton Coll." The father died before the son's anticipated career had yet commenced: he survived

sequently speaks of himself as a kind of Romulus on a small scale.

This phraseology was in harmony with the fashion of the times prevailing among gentlemen, in and out of Parliament, who had, most of them, been classically trained. Had Sir Joseph Banks or any other gentleman of this character chanced to have seen the Governor at Navy Hall, standing up in the presence of an Indian Council, or it may be even of a Parliament,



ON VALLEY—CASTLE FRANK IN THE DISTANCE.

his jubilee for a brief period of four years.

Before his departure from England to undertake the government of the new Province of Upper Canada, Governor Simcoe addressed a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society of England, in which, in an informal and familiar way, he gave a sketch of his plans. He evidently saw that he was about to lay the foundations of a very important community, of a state in fact, and he con-

with his youthful son conspicuously by his side, they would possibly have thought not so much of a Romulus, as of an ancestor of this Romulus—Æneas, accompanied by the little Ascanius or Iulus, so graphically described by Virgil.

"The little Iulus clings around my right hand and follows his father with unequal steps." For myself, knowing now the brief career and crowning fate of the youth, I should be rather reminded of the young Marcellus, im-

mortalized by Virgil in his 6th *Æneid*, of whose shade, seen for a moment in Hades, advancing by the side of that of his sire, it was so pathetically said

"Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's
severe decree,—
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee."

Even so, had it been ordained that the young soldier should have longer survived, it is likely he would have proved a true Marcellus, a true son of his father, and an enthusiastic soldier. Even in 1812, the dangers to Great Britain from foreign usurpation which had troubled Gen. Simcoe's mind in 1801 had not fully subsided. Napoleon Bonaparte still survived, and was strongly entrenched in Spain. In 1812 occurred the famous Siege of Badajoz by the Duke of Wellington, followed by the storming of the fortress and the destruction of so many gallant English soldiers. It was the lot of the young Francis Gwillim Simcoe to be amongst these.

I have a copy of the letter written by a military chaplain immediately after the event, and addressed by him to the young officer's widowed mother, conveying to her the sad intelligence. This letter will tell its own sad tale. It reads as follows:—

"Though perfectly unknown, yet my feelings dictate that I should in the present melancholy season address you, as I am aware your anxiety must be great respecting the fate of my most esteemed friend, your son. Sincerely lamented by all who knew him, he fell, on the night of the 6th, in the midst of several others, his brother officers, and hundreds of his fellow-countrymen, while storming the town of Badajoz: to state the details of this circumstance would be needless. In him I have lost a promising young friend, an agreeable companion, and a good Christian; and allow me most sincerely to sympathize and condole with you in the great loss you have sustained by the death of an affectionate and dutiful son.

"On the morning of the 7th, I went in search of my esteemed and valued young friend, and was so fortunate as to find him lying in the breach where (as I am sure it will be satisfactory for a friend and parent to be informed) I performed the last offices over

him, and got him as decently interred as the great confusion of our most melancholy situation would admit. He has left no memorandum behind him, though frequently entreated by me to do so in case of accident; neither did he make any requests when I parted with him, but committed his fate entirely to Him who is the Disposer of all events."

"Proffering to you and your afflicted family my future services in any way I can be useful, allow me to subscribe, etc.,

"GEORGE JENKINS,

"Chaplain to the forces, 4th Division;
"B. dajoz Camp, April 9th, 1812."

From childhood to maturity had been passed in an atmosphere intensely military. In addition, as the Chaplain's letter gives us to understand, the religious faculty had been developed and duly trained; as a Christian soldier, his warfare was speedily accomplished. Whatever in the order of Providence had been appointed for him to do was done, and the young life sacrificed in the doing of it was one more witness to the truth of the motto appended to the Simcoe Family Arms, *Non sibi sed Patriae*—"Not for himself, but for his Country."

Enough has been said to show that our familiar expression "Castle Frank" has associations of historical interest connected with it, and that its story involves the story of one, who, if not a distinctly individualized hero, died heroically in the direct discharge of duty as a soldier in the midst of circumstances most appalling. We are told by Napier, in his description of the storming of Badajoz, that "When Wellington saw the havoc of the night, the firmness of his nature gave away for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers."

The young officer's remains were never removed from the spot where the good Chaplain saw them deposited. The interior wall of the private Chapel at Wolford, the seat of the Simcoe Family, shows the following inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
FRANCIS GWILLIM SIMCOE,

Lieutenant in the 27th Regiment of Foot,

ELDEST SON OF

LIEUT.-GENERAL JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE AND

ELIZABETH HIS WIFE,

BORN AT WOLFORD LODGE,

Fell in the breach at the Siege of Badajoz,
April 6th, 1812, in the 21st year of his age.

"Be of good courage; let us behave ourselves valiantly
for our people, and let the Lord do that which is good in
His sight."—CHRON. 19. 13.

difficult expressions in the Iroquois
and Algonquin languages.

It is to be added that one night in
the year 1829 the wooded structure
so widely known as Castle Frank, left
solitary and uninhabited on the steep
height over-hanging the Don, was
totally consumed by fire through the
carelessness, I will not say the male-
volence, of some fishermen who had
ascended to the spot for shelter or
some other purpose. A slight depres-
sion in the sandy soil, a few yards to
the north of St. James' Cemetery fence,



ANOTHER VIEW OF CASTLE FRANK.

"Badajoz" takes us back, first to the Moorish days in Spain, and second, to the Roman Period in the same country, Badajoz being, we are told, a phonetic effort on the part of the Arabs to write down the words Pax Augusta (the name of a Roman military station), as Saragossa also was to be reproduced on paper from Cæsarea Augusta, the Latin name of another station. Some of our Indian local names in Canada are similar phonetic efforts on the part of Europeans to reduce to writing long and

still shows the spot where the central chimney stack of Castle Frank was situated, on the hill overlooking the Don. In "Goad's Atlas of Toronto," 2nd edition, 1890, plate 27, showing the lately laid out Castle Frank Avenue and Castle Frank Crescent, there is a range of narrow building lots abutting southwards on the St. James' Cemetery fence, and northwards looking towards the Crescent. It is possibly on the lot No. 8 or Lot No. 9 on this range, that the depression referred to is situated. The modern residence,

built by Mr. Walter McKenzie, known popularly of late years as Castle Frank, is situated some distance to the north-east of the site of the original Castle Frank. The depression on Lot No. 8 or 9 was visited by the writer on the 4th of May, 1895, in company with some friends, and was fully identified. On the same occasion a photograph was taken by Mr. Humphrey Wood. The boundary lines of the lots not having been marked out on the soil, it was impossible to ascertain accurately on which of these lots the depression was situated. It had been feared that

building operations, etc., might have obliterated the depression, but this, happily, was not the case, and the writer, who was perfectly familiar with the spot years ago, was able to recognize it easily. He hopes this brief sketch will prove of interest to those who may peruse it.

The foregoing paper was read in the first instance, before a meeting of the York Pioneers in Toronto. At the unanimous request of the members of that society, it is now published in its present shape. Some few additions have been made to the text.

Of the engravings given, the author regrets that he is able to have only those contained in this article reproduced, though there are several others which were exhibited when the paper was first read.—H. S.

REVENGE !

Dark-browed "REVENGE,"—the wicked weakling's plea,

Too oft the answer to a nob'e foe,

Lulling the conscience for a coward's blow ;

He dare not strike when other eyes may see !

To take a mean advantage o'er a friend,

Because of fancied insult, slight, or wrong,

Can never build a nature good and strong,

And oft defeats its object in the end !

"REVENGE IS SWEET,"—the craven coward saith,

And skulking, hides himself in hell's dark hold,

Till some advantage makes him wond'rous bold,

Then steps he forth with venom bated breath !

Revenge makes man the devil's willing slave,

To do his will, and fill a coward's grave !

JOHN IMRIE.

THE LABARUM.

HOC SIGNO VINCES.

BY ARTHUR HARVEY. F.R.S.C.

To the several considerations which Cicero says should enable us to support advancing years without repining we may add the singular pleasure of reviewing, with the added experience of age, conclusions formed in youth. In many cases, our immature judgment has been faulty, in others prejudiced and completely wrong. With years, our views have become broader and more tolerant, and, during the past generation, new methods of examining facts have been introduced, the principles of development have become better understood, and a wider range in thought has become possible, if not habitual. Half a century ago, for instance, how lofty was the pedestal on which Demosthenes was placed! A man nobly battling for his country's freedom, lifting his most eloquent voice in defence of the glory of Athens, and, unterrified, holding at bay the tyrant Philip by the influence of his brilliant patriotic speeches! Now, he seems but a gifted demagogue, a voluble Mrs. Partington, not engaged, it is true, in sweeping back the Atlantic with a broom, but, what is the same thing, combating the inevitable with mere rhetoric, while Philip was gathering, under the authority of one strong military power, all the Hellenic forces, for the extension of western civilization over the Asiatic monarchies. Where once the orator was idolized, the side of Philip is now espoused; that quiet, determined, far-seeing organizer, who, with a strong hand, swept away the obstacles put by the Gladstone of the 107th Olympiad in the way of his uniting the various states of Greece. A study of the history of Christopher Columbus is no

less destructive of old ideas. Where the flattering image did exist of a noble, self-sacrificing personage of high enterprise, there now stands the truthful portrait-bust of a self-seeking commercial adventurer, who, with venal views and impious methods, brought a curse to the continent he was fated to discover, and largely contributed to the ultimate ruin of Spain. Whether a re-survey of the period in which Christianity became the religion of the Roman world will interest the reader as it has done the writer is what we will now seek to discover.

A recent number of the Transactions of the Philological Society of Constantinople contains a paper by Christopher Samarsides, the gymnasiarch or principal of the High School of Adrianople. This paper, without further preface, I will translate from the Greek, and slightly condense.

1. Of those who have written about The Sign which appeared to Constantine the Great, Eusebius, the son of Pamphilus, is the most trustworthy, because he lived at the same epoch as that Emperor, and came to believe in the account of the vision from his own lips. That writer distinctly calls the apparition a Divine sign. Ducange, in his work on the coins of the emperors of Constantinople, testifies that on account of what transpired in connection with it, Constantine called it the Labarum. He considers the Labarum a barbaric emblem, and that as to the word itself, those who have written about it enquire in vain.

2. The whole body of our historians, who have simply copied the notes of Eusebius, call this portent a Divine sign—but say nothing about the word Labarum, referred to by Ducange.

3. So, thinking it worth while to finish the enquiry from which they have recoiled, I have persisted in the study and have worked with patient industry to discover what was

the sign that appeared to Constantine, and what is the meaning and derivation of the word Labarum.

4. The father of Ecclesiastical history writes about the Divine sign as follows:—"During bright sunshine, but after noon, he (Constantine) said he saw, with his own eyes, in the heavens, the figure of a cross, overlying the sun, consisting of light, and markings were pieced together with it, reading ΤΟΤΤΩ ΝΙΚΑ.* Amazement at this sight had pervaded the whole army, and he, following out a person who had come to enquire whither they should march, became a spectator of the marvel."

5. Thus do the most celebrated meteorologists and aeronauts speak when the upper regions of the atmosphere are charged with vapors which become small transparent polyhedral particles of ice. The meteorological phenomena called *Parhelia* and *Paraselenia* appear when the sun or moon are near the horizon, and the rays are refracted, during clear weather, by these little particles; they are variously colored halos about the sun or moon—two, and sometimes three. The smallest of these halos is 23° in diameter; the next, 46°, and the largest, 99°. Outside each halo are seen shining disks, somewhat resembling the sun or moon, as the case may be. Symmetrical, beautifully-colored bows appear beside the halos, when the rays pass through aslant.

6. Putting these statements, taken from Marcotte and Zucher, *Les Météores*, and those of Eusebius, side by side, it is evident that the sign which appeared to Constantine the Great was nothing else than a parhelion. * * * We must now see how the letters appeared in connection with the lines and general figure.

7. In this simple meteorological phenomenon can be clearly discerned by an easy analysis all the nine component symbols of this ΤΟΤΤΩ ΝΙΚΑ.

The ruling letter of the first word, *T*, is composed of the horizontal diameter of the smaller, with that part of the vertical diameter of the larger circle which is below the centre. The next, *O*, appears complete in the periphery of the small circle. The third, *T*, is shown, by the accompanying diagram, to be composed of the curve tangent to the smaller circle and the upper half of the diameter of the same. The fourth, *T*, is formed by the curve tangential to the large circle, and the part of the diameter of that circle which lies above the diameter of the middle one. The fifth, *Ω*, is given us by the middle circle, which has at the bottom an incomplete joining, and the two curves tangential to it, where it is thus interrupted.

The first letter of the second word is indicated by the left portion of the lower incomplete semicircular arc, tangential to the middle circle, part of the left semi-circumference of that circle, and the left half of the curve which is above it and tangential to the small circle. The second letter, *I*, is the vertical diameter of the middle circle. The third, *K*, may be seen by the diagram to consist of the upper half of the vertical diameter of the middle circle, the right half of the curve tangent to the little one, and of the right upper quadrant of the circumference of the same. The fourth, *A*, is revealed by two transverse semidiameters of the middle circle and the included quarter-circumference of the small one.

8. In the whole cruciform shape of the transverse diameters of the middle circle, the cross may be distinguished, which Constantine saw projected against the sun, in which the inscription was monographed, ΤΟΤΤΩ ΝΙΚΑ.

The symbol connecting this with the Saviour, the letter *X*, with *P* upright through the middle of it, is also to be remarked in the figure of this atmospheric phenomenon, for the *X* is the upper half of the circle of 23° with the curve tangential to it, while the *P* is the vertical diameter of the larger circle, the right half of the tangential curve to the small circle of 23°, and that part of the circumference of the larger circle included between the two. This symbol adorned the middle of the crown of the military ensign, and was stamped on the coins of the period. With this symbol the Emperor secured his face, and this it was his custom to carry upon his head.†

9. Nor did the crown (στέφανος) placed upon the top of the staff of the Imperial standard of Constantine, and made of gold and precious stones, differ at all in pattern from one of the many-colored halos seen in parhelia.

10. Thus, comparing meteorological knowledge with the apparition, and leaving the miraculous altogether out of consideration, I have, with all seriousness, shown that The Divine Sign was probably a meteorological phenomenon. Whatever fear from religious awe, whatever courage or advantages were given to people of old by the sight of celestial and atmospheric events, we are now familiarised with them, for the light of Science now illumines the darkness of Ignorance, views the everlasting nature of the laws of the eternal * * * and makes it evident that Divine Omnipotence never was, is, or will be, the slave of the ideas and necessities of humanity through the upsetting of everlasting law.

11. As to the derivations and meaning of

* σταυρόν, . . . τοῦ ἡλίου περιεπεποιημένον καὶ ὃ δυνάμει ὡς γραφή, etc.

† Eusebius—λογ. α, κεφ λ, and λογ. γ, κεφ β

the word *λαβαρον*, I have heard a number of absurd roots proposed, which, as a mere jest to good judges, I dismiss.

12. In the 29th chapter of the first book of his Life of the Blessed Constantine the Emperor, Eusebius relates—"And he (Constantine) then began to be quite at a loss to know what the apparition meant. While meditating and reasoning deeply about it, night came on, and, while he was sleeping, Christ, the Son of God, was seen in a vision in the heavens, with a repetition of the sign which had been noticed in the sky, and ORDERED him to make a copy of it, and use it as a defence against the standards of his foes."*

13. Keeping this in mind, and recognizing that the spirit of command tends to show itself in many things appertaining to leadership, I am persuaded that the words chosen in the appearance of Christ to the Emperor, were called forth by the requirements of command. The word associated with the cross, NIKAI, makes this evident. For Christ, as Lord and God, is always evidenced as speaking like a person of rank and position. This appears in the Gospel,† with which Constantine was acquainted. That the Emperor knew Greek well is expressly stated by Eusebius, while the holy men of God, whom he had placed beside him, and who would reason about the sign and its meaning, were mostly, if not all, Greeks, and used the Greek language—which none will deny after considering their names.‡

14. It is easy, then, to perceive that Christ, appearing to the Emperor in his sleep, commanded him to use for a protective emblem (*ὡς ἀλεξίτηρια*) the representation of the sign which had appeared, in two imperative words *λαβε ἄρον*, to which was added the NIKAI, which was there in the apparition. The Emperor, it is likely, having the words as it were ringing in his ears, which, in his sleep, he heard Christ utter, called the representation he ordered to be made the *λαβε ἄρον*. Those who received this ensign, as the one particular thing personal to Constantine the Great, who were not acquainted with Greek, and yet were soldiers and followers of the Emperor, would write this in Greek or in Latin as *λαβαρον* or *labarum*. The word has, in vain, as I think, had its roots sought for in a single word.

*Τον Χριστόν του Θεου οὐν τῷ φανεῖν-
τι κατ' οὐρανὸν δημειῶν ὁφθῆναι τε καὶ
ΠΑΡΑΚΛΕΙΨΑΣΘΑΙ μνημα ποιεῖσθαι
μενόν του κατ' οὐρανὸν ὁφθέντος δημει-
ου τουτο πρὸς τὰς των πολεμιῶν θυμβο-
λὰς ἀλεξήματι χρῆσθαι.

†Examples too numerous to repeat are given by the author. *ἄρον σου την κλινην*, etc.

‡Αλεξανδρος, Ανεγνητος, Αντερωσ,
Διονυσιος, Ελευθερος, etc.

Let us now glance at the political history of the time.

Julius Cæsar having achieved the conquest of the Western World, and Augustus having re-organized the Roman Empire, a succession of emperors had kept it together for three hundred years, until Diocletian, finding foreign foes threatening on several sides without, and civil wars distracting the empire within, introduced an entirely new system. Elected Emperor by a general assembly of the army in A. D. 284, he soon associated with himself, for the defence of the commonwealth, a distinguished warrior, Maximian, to whom he ultimately gave the equal dignity of Augustus. A few years afterwards, each of the Augusti appointed a lieutenant, with the title of Cæsar. Constantius assumed the defence of Gaul, Spain and Britain; Galerius, that of Illyria and the Danubian frontier; Italy and Africa were assigned to Maximian, while Diocletian reserved for himself Thrace, Asia and Egypt.

Each of these four personages was sovereign within his own provinces; their united authority extended over the whole empire, and the confederation, under the recognized leadership of Diocletian, seemed likely to produce the happiest results. Constantius recovered Gaul from an insurrection of the peasants, and retook Britain from Carausius and Allectus; Galerius had fifteen years of hard fighting against the Germans on the Danube; Maximian chastised the Moors, and drove them to their mountains; while Diocletian, himself, reduced Egypt and vanquished the Persians, employing in the end, the high military talents of Galerius. These labors consumed twenty active summers, but, at length, the two Augusti celebrated at Rome a magnificent triumph—the last Rome ever beheld. "Soon afterwards," says Gibbon, "the emperors ceased to vanquish, and Rome ceased to be the capital of the Empire."

This division was necessary, because Rome had ceased to command the respect of the world; her own people, enervated by luxury, no longer formed the flower of the armies; the Senate had been reduced to a nullity by a long series of military dictatorships; the once highly prized rights of Roman citizenship had been extended by successive decrees to the whole empire, so that there was no hereditary ruling family, no ruling class; personal ambition had become paramount, and evidences were not lacking of the revival of something like national aspirations in the outlying provinces.

All these forces tended to decentralization, and Diocletian was probably wise in his generation in accepting the position, and forming an entirely new constitution or system of Government, in harmony with the requirements of the times.

To prevent too close personal intercourse, to preclude occasions of jealousy, and to ensure even a short period of repose, it was also necessary that each emperor should have his headquarters away from Rome; Maximian fixed his seat at Milan, and Diocletian began the embellishment of Nicomedia.

Julius had refused the semblance of a crown. Augustus, to please the people, had affected modesty and economy in his ways. How changed the people were, can be imagined when we reflect that Diocletian, also to please them, began to imitate the pomp of Persia, assumed the title of *Basileus* or king, and encircled his forehead with a jewelled fillet. He instituted forms and ceremonies, "schools" of domestic officers, while subjects, on approaching him, had to prostrate themselves in eastern fashion. Gibbon, comparing him with Augustus, says "It was the aim of the one to disguise and of the other to display the unbounded power which the emperors possessed over the Roman world."

One result of this policy was increased national expense; several

courts had to be maintained, and the foundation was laid for grinding taxation, which, under the successors of Diocletian and his associates, began to increase as fast as municipal taxes in Canadian cities under spendthrift administrations. It seems strange that this should not have been seen: perhaps it was, but in those times, the sword made short work of an opposition leader, and we are ignorant of protests or prophecies of disaster.

The unexpected happened in those days as often as at present; and, in the twenty-first year of his imperatorship, Diocletian, in shattered health, abdicated the purple. On the same day, Maximian, perhaps unwillingly, did the same, and the two Cæsars, according to the newly established order, succeeded to the title of Augustus; two new Cæsars being appointed, Maximin and Severus; Maximin, a nephew of Galerius, seems to have aimed at establishing a dynasty, after Constantius' death.

But, to Constantius, in Naissus of Dacia, had been born a son, Constantine, a tall and striking figure, "dexterous in all his enterprises, intrepid in war, affable in peace * * * the active spirit of youth tempered by habitual prudence, and, while his mind was engrossed by ambition, he appeared cold and insensible to the allurements of passion." His mother, Helena, an innkeeper's daughter, had been divorced when Constantius was made Cæsar and married to Diocletian's daughter, but this did not diminish the father's reliance upon the son, nor the capacity of the latter; and, especially in troubled times, ability must make its way. Divorces, by the way, were common; marriage being a dissoluble civil contract, with as little of love and as much financial calculation as we find prevailing, in their marriage arrangements, among the Romance peoples of to-day. This Constantine, after distinguishing himself in the East, obtained the reluctant permission of Galerius to join his father's

expedition to Britain; reached Boulogne in time to embark with him, share in his victory over Allectus, and witness his death two years thereafter, at York. The army then saluted Constantine as Augustus and Imperator. Galerius, at first enraged, finally assented to his assuming the title of Cæsar and the fourth rank among the princes of the empire, with which concession Constantine could afford to be satisfied for a time.

The quartet of rulers was, therefore:

1. Galerius, warlike, headstrong, dictatorial.
2. Maximin, his sister's son.
3. Severus, a mere instrument of Galerius.
4. Constantine, whom we have just described.

Now Galerius, in the course of a general taxing of the empire, ordered the same schedules to be applied to Rome as to the rest of his world. Up to that time, the Romans had exacted tribute from others, but had been in a large measure themselves exempt. So they flamed into revolt under Maxentius, the son of the old warrior emperor Maximian, who broke from his retirement and reassumed the purple. Severus opposed him, but was beaten by diplomacy, if not by arms. Maximian then sought out Constantine, met him at Arles, married him to his daughter Fausta, reasserted a claim to empire, and named Constantine joint Augustus with himself. Galerius, on the other side, advanced to the attack of Rome, and nominated a new Cæsar, Licinius, to help him; thus showing the world six emperors at once—"I think there be six Richmonds in the field."

It is not to our purpose to enter into particulars of the quarrels between the three western princes; suffice it to say that it ultimately fell to Constantine and Maxentius to dispute with each other the supremacy of the west; so the former, with 90,000 foot and 8,000 horse, burst across Mount Cenis into Italy, stormed and burned

Susa, beat the lieutenants of Maxentius in the plains of Turin, defeated one Pompeianus at Verona, and, marching upon Rome, met Maxentius himself, nine miles from the city, at the head of a third army, even more numerous than these previously scattered. The place is known as Saxa Rubra.

There, to do battle for Maxentius, were the Prætorian Guards, in the centre of the array, with their old historic associations to animate their valor; there on the wings were the heavy Roman horse and the Numidian and Moorish lighter cavalry. The Gallic horse of Constantine, possessing "more activity than the one, more firmness than the other," pressed these squadrons back; the flanks were left without defence; confusion became general; thousands, panic-stricken, tried to swim the swollen Tiber, only to be drowned, and Maxentius himself, endeavoring to retreat over the Milvian Bridge, or a wooden supplementary structure near it, now Ponte Molle, was forced into the river by the surging crowds, and the weight of his armor sinking him into the mud, he shared the fate of thousands more.

It is not certainly known whether Constantine saw the *θεωσμησια*, the Divine Sign, when crossing the Alps, or at a later period, but it is usually assumed that it was just before the battle at Saxa Rubra and the Milvian Bridge. *

Our friend Samarsides is not the first who has thought the sign was a natural phenomenon,—a strange appearance in the sky, which the Emperor and, others supposed to be miraculous,—his originality consists in remarking how a parhelion, as figured by him, contains Christian emblems, and, in a monogrammatic way, the words also of the Labarum. It may also be here remarked that his ety-

* Nazarius, writing only nine years after the battle, alludes to some such portent, but he says an army of divine warriors seemed to fall from the sky—beautiful and huge shapes which were seen to fly, amid streams of light, to the assistance of Constantine. This seems to indicate an unusually bright auroral display. Eusebins wrote shortly after the death of Constantine.

mological derivation is fanciful, though his statement as to the frequent use of the imperative in the language attributed in the Gospels to Christ Jesus deserves attention. It is stated, moreover, that the word was used in relation to an Emperor's special standard before the time of Constantine, and is Basque in origin, though this is by no means certain.

We may, perhaps, profitably, see what other meteorologists than those quoted by him say, and turn for an authority to Camille Flammarion, on the atmosphere. First, let us glance at an account of a phenomenon seen by Messrs. Bravais and Martins:

"The shadow of Mount Blanc, thrown at sunset upon other mountains, and gradually rising in the atmosphere until it reached a height of 1", still remaining visible, the air above the cone of the shadow was tinted with that rosy purple which is seen in a fine sunset coloring the lofty peaks. Imagine,"—says Bravais—"the other mountains also projecting their shadows into the atmosphere, the lower parts dark and slightly greenish, and above each of those shadows the rosy purple surface, with the deeper rose of the belt which separates it from them; add to this the regular contours of the cones of the shadow. . . . the laws of perspective causing all these lines to converge towards the summit of the shadow of Mount Blanc, that is to say, to the point of the sky where the shadows of our own selves were . . . It seemed as though an invisible being was seated upon a throne surrounded by fire, and that angels with glittering wings were kneeling before him in adoration."

Another phenomenon possessing the characteristics of a supernatural intervention, is called the Spectre of the Brocken:

"A thick mist which seemed to emerge from the clouds, like an immense curtain, suddenly rose, a rainbow was formed, then certain indistinct shapes were delineated. First, the large tower of the inn was reproduced upon a gigantic scale; after that we saw our two selves in a more vague and less exact shape, and these shadows were in each instance surrounded by the colors of the rainbow, which served as a frame to this fairy picture."

Ulloa, in company with six others, upon the Pambamarca, beheld his own

image reflected in the air as in a mirror:

"The image was in the centre of three rainbows of different colors, and surrounded at a certain distance by a fourth bow with only one color. The inside color of each bow was carnation, the next violet, the third yellow, the fourth straw color, the last green. All were perpendicular to the horizon and followed the image of the person they enveloped, as with a glory."

The meteorologist, Kaenitz, often observed the same fact in the Alps. Whenever his shadow was projected upon a cloud, his head appeared surrounded by a luminous aureola.

The Illustrated London News of July 8th, 1871, illustrates the Fog Bow, seen from the Matterhorn, observed by Mr. Whympster. "By a curious coincidence, two immense, white, aerial crosses projected into the interior of the external arc. These two crosses were no doubt formed by the intersection of circles, the remaining parts of which were invisible. The apparition was of a grand and solemn character."

Coming now to halos, we find a description of parhelia very much like Samarsides' plate. In addition to the halo and the two parhelia, a number of other circles, arches, bands or luminous spots are sometimes seen upon the sky.

"When a halo appears, light cirrus-clouds are generally seen, and it is upon them that the phenomenon appears to be delineated, * * * they were in early ages deemed marvellous phenomena, signs of celestial ire, presages of the death of princes, etc. * *

* The cloud must be of a certain degree of thickness, for if too thin, the halo would not occur; if too dense, the light would be intercepted. The crystallization of the water must proceed slowly, and not be disturbed by wind, as, with a rapid, irregular crystallization, the points lose their transparency, the angles of the facets their consistency, and the surfaces their smoothness. * * *

The halo, with all its aspects, is explained on the hypothesis of snow or ice crystals falling slowly in a calm atmosphere. * * * If the halo and the parhelia are seen together, the latter are up in height a distance equal to the diameter of the sun. The various tints are clearer than in the halo; the yellow

is very distinct, and so is the green, but the blue is pale, and scarcely visible, while the violet, over-lapped by the other colors, is too indistinct to be seen. The phenomenon is completed by a trail of white light, sometimes very indistinct, but occasionally attaining a length of from 10° to 20° in the opposite direction to the sun, and parallel to the horizon.

* * * The effect produced by the refraction of light across angles of 90° , which produce the large halo, is still more remarkable. * * * This arc, which may be termed the upper tangent of the halo of 46° , or the circumzenithal arc, is the most remarkable of all the appearances which may accompany the halo. The brightness of the tints, the distinctness of the colors, the precision with which its edges, as well as its extreme limits, are shown upon the sky, give it the characteristics of a real rainbow. * * * Crystals falling and turning can also reflect the sun, forming upon the celestial sphere a luminous, horizontal band, extending right round the horizon, and passing through the exact centre of the sun. As reflection does not separate colors, this circle will appear to be quite white, and its apparent width will be equal to the diameter of the sun. Such is the origin of the white circle called the parheliacal ring; it is upon its circumference that the ordinary parhelia always appear, also the secondary ones; hence the name. * * * Finally, the prisms of ice, which are horizontal in the atmosphere, give rise, by reflections and refractions analogous to the above, to tangent arcs, which often appear on each side of the halo."

The most complete halo that has yet been seen is that which Lowitz observed at St. Petersburg, June 29th, 1790, from 7.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m."

Passing from Halos to other optical effects, we read:

"The columns of white light, the crosses and the different luminous aspects sometimes visible at sunrise and sunset, are due to the reflections of light upon the surfaces of crystals of ice situated high in the atmosphere. * * * Previous to sunset, April 22, 1847, four luminous columns, each about 15° in extent were seen from Paris, presenting the appearance of a cross with the sun in the centre. After sunset one of these four columns (the uppermost), still remained visible for some little time. * * *

"With the progress of astronomy and physics these optical phenomena lose their supernatural attributes. * * * The historian Josephus relates that at the beginning of the siege of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, the Jews foresaw their disaster 'in armies marching upon red clouds' Nearly analogous apparitions were visible at the commencement

of the siege of Paris in September, 1870, to say nothing of the aurora borealis on the 24th of October; but we now know that the physical effects are purely natural, and are produced merely by the action of light in the atmosphere."

Thus far Flammarion. In Canada parhelia are very common, especially in the far northern and north-western regions. The earliest record I find is in the "Relations" of the Jesuits, and as this combines superstition with description in a curious and instructive way, it may be quoted:—Jerome Lallemant is writing, in 1663.*

"The Heavens and the Earth have spoken to us many times during the year * * * we have been in fear and wonder * * * interlacing serpents flying through the air, carried on wings of fire * * * a great ball of flame over Quebec * * * But what seemed most extraordinary was the appearance of three suns! One fine day, last winter, about 8 o'clock in the morning, a light and almost imperceptible vapor rose from the grand river (St. Lawrence), and, being struck by the first rays of the sun, became transparent, yet so that it had body enough to support the two images, which that luminary painted thereon. These three suns were almost in a straight line, some yards apart it seemed, the true one in the middle, the others on each side. The whole were crowned with a bow, whose colors were not permanent, appearing, sometimes, like those of the Iris, and again, of a luminous white, as if below them, and quite near, there was a very strong light. The first time the spectacle appeared, January 7th, 1663, it lasted nearly two hours; the second time, on the 14th, not so long, merely until the colors of the rainbow, fading little by little, disappeared, when the two side-suns eclipsed themselves, too, leaving the one in the middle as the conqueror."

We now approach the question—what induced Constantine to place Christian emblems on his Labarum? We may at once dismiss the idea of religious conviction, for there was very little that is Christian in his conduct. His enemies were relentlessly exter-

*Possibly, however, Father Brebeuf's cross was a parhelion. Father Ragenay, Voyages (1649 page 15). In 1640, the winter of which he spent in a mission to the Neuter nation, a great cross appeared to him, which was over the Iroquois territories (*qui venait du côté des nations Iroquoises*). He spoke about it to the Father who accompanied him, and, in reply to a request for particulars of the appearance, he said no more than that the cross was large enough, not only to hang one person on it, but all of us, as many as there were in this country.

minated, even the infant child of Maxentius did not escape; he murdered his own brave son Crispus, his nephew the young Licinius, and many others; nor was this done at a crisis, it was a continuous policy. Again, if he placed on the standard the Christian monogram, there, too, was his own bust to be adored. He attended the sacred games, he restored the pagan temples, he became Pontifex Maximus and discharged the duties of that office. Of course he knew, as most of the assistants and spectators knew, how hollow and merely formal all this business had become. A feeling of utter indifferentism had grown up throughout the Empire,—that is, among the intelligent; as for the illiterate, their superstitions even yet survive. There had been a time when the Roman people, high and low, revered their gods and believed in their direct interposition. Jupiter, Saturnus, Mavors, Quirinus, Ops, Volumnius, Victoria, Honor, Pecunia, Terminus, Tiber, the Lares and Penates, were very real existences in early days. Turning, almost at hazard, to Livy (Lib. VII, cap. 2), we read that during the pestilence of B.C. 361 the people tried the remedial efficacy of religious dances, getting in their dervishes from Etruria. The Tiber, however, overflowing, stopped the shows, which was thought to mean that the gods refused to be placated thus. Then the old men remembered that a former pestilence had abated when a dictator had driven into the door-post of Jupiter's temple the nail which for the unlettered people kept count of the age of the republic, and, behold, it was found that this sacred custom had fallen into abeyance, and, a special dictator having been appointed to restore it, we hear no more of the plague.

In B.C. 341, as they were dedicating a temple to Juno Moneta, there was a shower of meteoric stones, and darkness spread over the land, so they consulted the Sybilline books again, and appointed a special officer to superin-

tend religious ceremonies, who made the whole people go up to the temple to pray—and not the Roman tribes alone, but the neighboring people, too, appointing a special day for each. Going on to A.D. 214, in the tenth chapter of the 24th book, there are wonderful portents mentioned, and, as Livy says, the more the simple-minded and faithful men believed them to be such, the more were reported. Crows nested inside the temple of Juno, the preserver; a palm tree in Apulia was consumed by fire, though green. A marsh at Mantua, caused by the overflow of the Mincius, turned red as blood. It rained blood in the cattle market at Rome, and white mud at Cales. In an Istrian village, a subterranean spring burst out with such force that it carried all the pots and tubs away, like a swollen brook in springtime. The public hall in the Capitol was struck by lightning; so was a building in the square of Vulcan, a walnut tree in the Sabine territory, also the gate wall and way at Gubii. The spear of Mars, at Preneste, moved of its own accord; a bull, in Sicily, spoke. In the land of the Marrucini, an unborn babe exclaimed "Rome forever." (*Io triumphe*). At Spoletum, a woman was transformed into a man. At Hadria, an altar was seen in the sky, with figures of men around it, in white clothing. Yea, at Rome, again, a swarm of bees lighted in the market-place (*forum*). Some people said they saw armed legions on the Janiculan hill, and called the city to arms, but those who were on the Janiculan said they had seen nobody there, except the usual market gardeners. These prodigies were all taken note of, and important sacrifices made according to the soothsayers' advice, while a general supplication was made to all the gods who had temples of any kind (*pulvinaria*) at Rome. Even local prophets—so to call them, "medicine men"—were not neglected; but had due respect paid to their fortune-telling.

All this is duly set forth by that

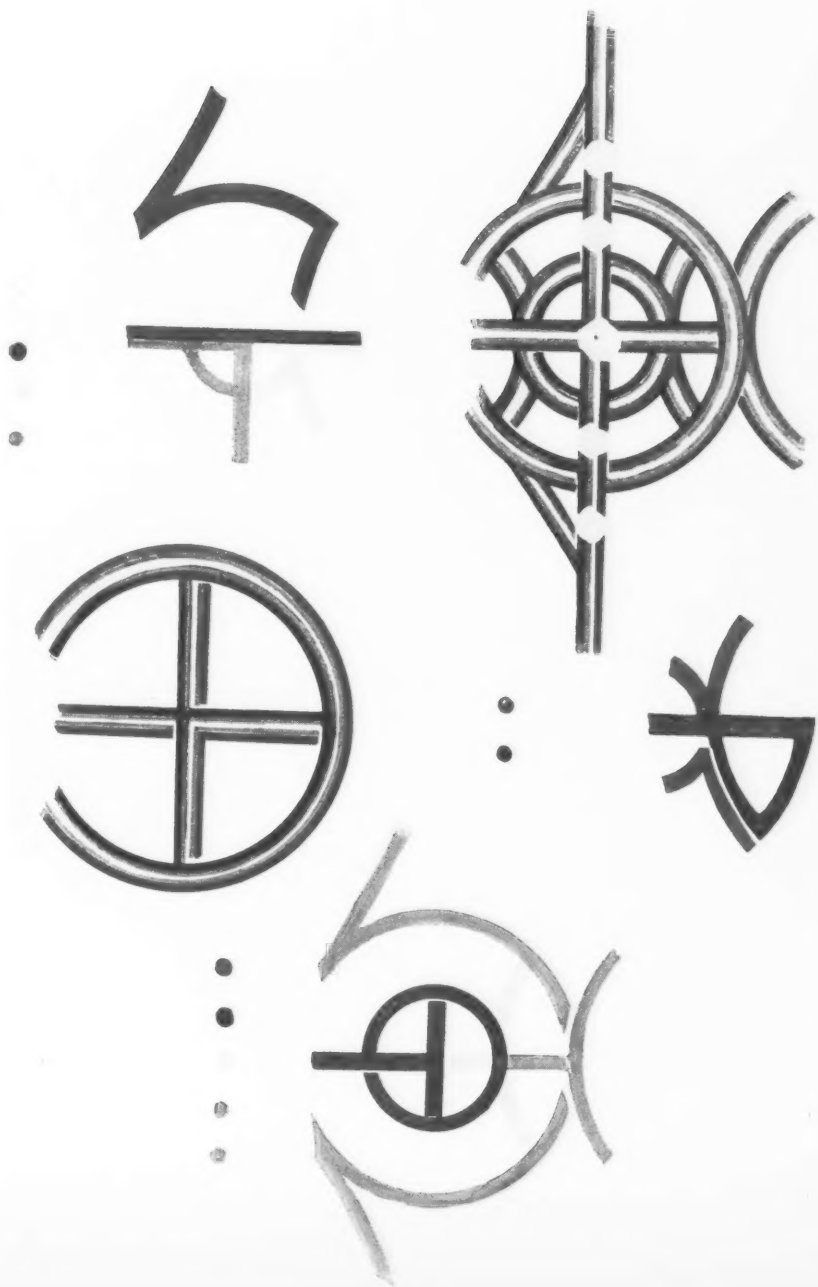
admirable Livy. We will now skip some generations, and open Tacitus at the 76th chapter of the first book of the annals. The Tiber, he says, swollen by continual rains, had overflowed all the low-lying quarters of Rome; great loss of life and of house property ensuing. Asinius Gallus, an eminent citizen, proposed that the Sibylline books be consulted. But this was in the reign of Tiberius, and Tiberius said "No." Tacitus, indeed, complains of his thus shutting out Divine and human guidance; but Tacitus is unhappy unless he can be finding fault, and this disposition leads him to say things about Tiberius and Nero, which, to a candid enquirer, are quite past belief. Tiberius was politic enough not to have run counter to the feelings of the educated classes, or to strong popular feeling among the citizens. If there had been much general faith in the Sibylline books left, he would have had them consulted, and if there had been much confidence remaining in the priesthood, he would have followed their counsels. Instead of this, he appointed a commission of two to find a means of confining the river to its banks in future! We saw a similar thing in Montreal not long ago; the people suffering from smallpox; some persons wishing them to go to their churches to pray, and thus to stop the scourge; the State telling them to go and be vaccinated, and disinfect their houses and clothing. The Imperial commission reported to the Senate that, to moderate the inundations, some rivers and lakes which feed the Tiber should be diverted, but the expense of the works, a disinclination on the part of the farming population to change natural waterways, and perhaps some remaining superstition against troubling the river-gods, influenced the majority, and the business received the six months' hoist.

This feeling of indifferentism continued to grow, as edict after edict added to the number of "allowed re-

ligions," as the Philosopher Emperors encouraged among their *entourage* the agnosticism which speaks out in "*anima, vagula, blandula—hospes, comesque corporis*," and as Christian apologists, from Aristides downwards, pressed home the point:—How can gods be divine, whose admitted thefts, deceit, rapes and adulteries would merit the severest reprobation from any of our tribunals?

We can easily understand in this our day, when a traveller can in a very few months see Christians of Greek, Roman and other denominations, Buddhists, Brahmans, Parsees, Mohammedans, Spiritualists, Jews, all setting up different articles of faith, what a state of things must have existed in Rome and other large cities when the Olympian deities had been in a manner miscegenated with the Roman gods, and when, in a spirit of toleration or credulity, Cybele, Isis and Serapis, El Gabal, Mithra and Astarte, with hosts of other national or tribal gods, had been licensed and welcomed; all of them, after a short period of enthusiasm, going, like new dresses, out of fashion. The general indifference brought about by this kaleidoscopic spectacle involved frightful laxity of household unity and rule, and of all moral fibre, leading swiftly to a decrease of fecundity and the depopulation of the western world.

But there was one faith which was exclusive, in that its adherents could honor and admit no other. It was professedly based on principles of morality, equity, and mercy. It regarded the unseen future as a definite certainty. It preached an eternity of consciousness, in lieu of, at most, a vague possibility in which individuality gradually vanished. It placed its standard of conduct high, and was only persecuted because it was not on the list of authorized religions, which was impossible while the Emperor Augustus had to be saluted as Divus—the Very God in whom the majesty of the Roman power was embodied. It



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did not aim at temporal dignity or wealth, and was, therefore, not popular with the rich and well-born, though it numbered some of these among its adherents; nor was it favored by the conservative forces of the society of the time, the military, the literary class, and the country folk—therefore, perhaps, spoken of as Pagans. It was a creed whose members, from its earliest times, had overseers, and were organized in churches or lodges, with an unknown, and, therefore, a magnified number of adherents.

Reasoning from analogy, any body of people having a strong faith like this is a force that must be reckoned with by an aspirant to power. Consider, as in some respects similar, the Puritans of the days of the English Charles I., the active spirits in the American colonies in the early days of the Great Rebellion, the Jacobins of the French Revolution, the Fenians of Ireland, the Mackenzie men of '37 here, the Arabian fanatics of the time of Mahomet, the Salvation Army of to-day, the Methodists of a hundred years ago—any men who will die for their belief, political or religious.

Persecution and repression seldom succeed in stamping out such a set of enthusiasts, and the singular treatment the Christians had experienced, on account of their defying the power of the State to bind their consciences, must have had an attractive influence on all the Revolutionary elements in the Empire. It must, then, have been the design of Constantine, who was meditating great changes, to rally to the support of his throne and his ulterior projects this energetic, persistent, dogged or obstinate middle-class element—as rulers do in our times. The German emperor dallies with the socialist workman; British statesmen give Chartists the franchise; Reformers are influential in Tory Cabinets. Every age beholds in all countries some class, which is growing because it has earnest convictions, abandoning hostility to the ruling power, and mak-

ing with it some concordat—and the more hostile, revolutionary, determined, irreconcilable this class is, the more prolonged the "dead-lock" or other difficulty it can create, the better are its chances of securing the immunities, privileges or power it may desire. For strength, either in active fight or in passive resistance, is ever the condition of survival.

Arguing thus; that nothing but the recognition of the value to his enterprise of a band of zealots who were not formidable by their numbers or social influence, and therefore must have been stiff-necked and stubborn; that nothing but the desire to bring them into line with his policy, to use them in his armies and as his party adherents, would have swayed this Roman ruler; we shall be met on parallel lines, which fairly justify such conceptions, by those historians who narrate facts in regular order and reason the other way, from antecedent to consequent. This is certainly the safer method in studying history, but not always the most enjoyable; it leads to few original views, while, if we got into the groove of annalistic routine, farewell for us to history as a science. It is easy to utter the formula that history repeats itself, that like causes produce like effects, and that mankind moves in a circle of monotony. But, as we never can have the conditions of any historical crisis repeated without variations, there must be changes in results, and no condition is more important than the temper of the times, the *zeit geist* of each successive period. We can, to a certain extent, appreciate the tendencies of past ages, and to do so should always be our first study. Until this century, mental movements have been considered secondary to dynastic and personal considerations. Now, possibly, we bestow too much thought upon psychologic conditions, and unduly minimize the weight of strong personalities. But how difficult it is to know the nature of the tendencies of to-day! We, who are in

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the smoke of the battle, can scarcely tell how the fight is going; that will be the privilege of our descendants, who will view the struggles of our times as men may see, from a balloon, an engagement between mighty armies. And so, to our history again.

We have shown that Galerius was probably meditating the establishment of a dynasty, and there seems to be little doubt that in the secret counsels of Diocletian and his confederated empire-sharers the policy of establishing a new seat for the empire, nearer the dreaded Persians, had been discussed, and was resolved upon as soon as Rome should have become accustomed to the absence of a court. Galerius would, therefore, naturally be the first to insist on the unification of the religions of the Empire, and the extirpation of all that were not "allowed" or licensed. The Christians, moreover, were probably more troublesome in his, the Eastern portions of the Empire, and more churches and other signs of the existence of an unlicensed cult were to be seen there than in Italy or the West. During the year A.D. 302, Galerius seems to have pressed upon his politic associate his wish to stamp out this rebellious section, and it was finally decided to consult the Oracle of Apollo at Miletus. The reply proving favorable to the views of Galerius,

"Diocletian submitted (says Milner, whom I condense) to the irresistible united authority of his friends, of Galerius and of the god * * Galerius proposed that all who refused to sacrifice should be burned alive. Diocletian stipulated that there should be no loss of life."

The first measure was the demolition of the church at Nicomedia: all the churches throughout the empire were then ordered to be levelled to the ground, and the sacred books delivered up to be burned. The edict further prohibited all Christian assemblies, confiscated all church property, degraded all Christian officials, deprived Christian plebeians of the rights

of citizenship, and placed all Christian subjects outside the pale of the law. Soon after, the palace of Diocletian was burned, whether from ordinary causes, incendiarism, or lightning, is not known, but this decided Diocletian; his protection was withdrawn.

"Prisca and Valeria (of the Imperial Family), were constrained to pollute themselves with sacrifice, the powerful eunuchs Dorotheus, Gorgonius, and Andreas suffered death. Anthimus, the bishop of Nicomedia, was beheaded. Many were executed, many burnt alive, many laid bound with stones round their necks in boats, rowed into the lake and thrown into the water. From Nicomedia, the Imperial edicts were promulgated through the East, and letters required the co-operation of the Western Emperors in the restoration of the dignity of the ancient religion and the suppression of the hostile faith. Constantius made a show of concurrence, commanded the demolition of the churches, but abstained from violence against the persons of the Christians. Maximin readily acceded to the wishes of Diocletian and Galerius * * * Edict followed edict, rising (says Milman), in regular gradations of angry barbarity. The whole clergy were declared enemies of the state. * * * Bishops, presbyters and deacons were crowded into the prisons intended for the basest malefactors. Their liberation was prohibited unless they obtained consent to offer sacrifice. * * * The abdication of Diocletian left Galerius sole master of the East, where the persecution continued in all its severity. Maxentius at Rome was not a violent enemy of the Christians until he saw that Constantine was bidding for and had secured the Christian support, when he threw himself upon the ancient gods, and identified his cause with Polytheism. * * * Notwithstanding the persecutions had lasted seven years * * * the inert resistance of the general mass wearied out the Government; the patience and fortitude of the victims caused even their judges and executioners to feel sympathy; and at last, as Galerius lay dying of a loathsome malady, he admitted the total failure of the severe measures for the suppression of Christianity. The prison doors were thrown open, the mines yielded up their condemned laborers, they hastened to their ruined churches, and visited the places sanctified by their former devotion. The public roads were crowded with long processions, singing psalms of thanksgiving for their deliverance. Maximin, after Galerius' death, endeavored to discredit Christianity, and to reform the Pagan hierarchy and faith, but at length,

alarmed by the progress in universal favor of the tolerant Constantine, he too, had to avow principles of toleration; commanded the suspension of all violent measures, and recommended mild and persuasive means to win back the apostates to the religion of their forefathers."

That the Christians formed no great proportion of the population may be inferred from the evident fact that no such harsh measures as those described could have been resorted to against a very noticeable minority. Gibbon, quoting Origen *contra Celsum*, says:

"The proportion of the faithful was very inconsiderable when compared with the multitude of an unbelieving world;" but, he adds, "it is impossible to determine, and it is difficult even to conjecture the real numbers of the primitive Christians. The most favorable calculation, however, that can be deduced from the examples of Antioch and of Rome will not permit us to imagine that more than one-twentieth part of the subjects of the Empire had enlisted themselves under the banner of the Cross, before the important conversion of Constantine."

But even the half of five per cent. is a noticeable element; when it is an earnest one, it may be like leaven in making bread, and after Constantine (with Licinius) had issued at Milan an edict of toleration, Christians began to multiply, as in our times we may see a political party augment its strength when a favorable circumstance gives it the reins of office. Probably the Emperor saw the need for some one religion to be established as the creed of the Empire, and that none possessed vitality except the new and rising Christian creed, which he proceeded to favor by the successive stages of tolera-

tion, encouragement, and formal personal adoption. By the time Constantinople was founded, its influence had become so great that the Emperor was led to profess Christianity, to use the Labarum in his northern campaigns; while, before his death, he submitted to baptism—a sacrament which was in those days often long postponed, that one might have the benefit of washing away the sins of mature age as well as those of youth. In less than another century, Christianity was, by Theodosius, established, and Polytheism prosecuted. But further investigation of this branch would be foreign to our purpose.

We had to examine:—

1. The condition of the Roman Empire just previous to the adoption of a Labarum with some Christian emblems emblazoned on it.

2. The circumstances connected with this adoption, which is the central point in the history of Christianity.

3. Samarsides' views as to the sign which suggested the peculiar emblems and the motto of this Labarum.

Dean Milman, while favoring the idea that Constantine saw a natural phenomenon and assumed it to be a Divine sign, says, "The great difficulty which encumbers the theory which reduces it to a solar halo is the legend." It is for the reader to judge whether Samarsides has thrown any new light on the subject, and whether his method of deciphering the cryptography of the interlocking and crossing arcs and bands of solar halos is, or is not, too fanciful to be probable.



MR. STEARNS, HIS HERBAL.

BY SUSANNA P. BOYLE M.D., M.C.

If there is one thing harder than another for us to realize, it is that our work, our books, our vaunted scientific attainments, in this nineteenth century, will be looked back upon with amazement and pity by the people of the future. Though we may be amused at the absurdities of by-gone years, our mirth is likely to be moderated somewhat by the thought that *we*, perhaps, will be equally ridiculous to our know-it-all descendants of the twentieth or other succeeding centuries.

The writer was made to feel this the more forcibly lately, while looking over an old book which thus announces itself to the American public:

THE AMERICAN HERBAL OR

MATERIA MEDICA

Wherein

THE VIRTUES OF THE MINERAL, VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL PRODUCTIONS OF NORTH and South America are laid open so far as they are known, and their Uses on the Practice of Physic and Surgery exhibited.

By Samuel Stearns, L.L.D.

Solatium Afflictis.

Walpole.

Printed by David Carlisle,
For Thomas & Thomas and the
Author.
1801.

The author sets out with a "Preface to Physicians and Apothecaries," in which he states that he is "a native of the Commonwealth of Massachu-

setts, where he was instructed in the medical art, according to the methods that were in vogue in the younger part of his life," but "he soon discovered that both the theory and practice of medicine stood in great need of reformation and amendment in our American borders."

He "also observed that the methods of instruction were likewise different, amongst the different teachers of the healing art: that some had been taught one way, and others another, &c., and that, by their being differently instructed, they had imbibed different opinions concerning the virtues of medicines and the cure of diseases. Therefore, when they met to consult upon difficult and dangerous cases, they could not agree in prescribing remedies; and such disagreements too frequently terminated in contention and discord, to the great injury of the patients."

Thus, Dr. Stearns, on the methods of a century ago—*Nous avons changé tout cela.* It is a well-known fact that now-a-days doctors never disagree on diagnosis or treatment!

"Therefore," he goes on to say, "for the purpose of laying a foundation for the removal of these clouds of darkness and ignorance, which too many had imbibed (apparently they imbibed clouds as well as other things a century ago!) by the reading of erroneous books (what a pity we have, in these latter days, no medical Index Expurgatorius!) and by being wrongly instructed, he undertook, in September, in the year 1772, to compile an *American Dispensatory*, and, afterwards, a *system of physic and surgery*; and to make the work as complete and useful as our knowledge in the present age will admit, he travelled in nine of our

American Governments, and in England, Scotland, Ireland and France.

* * * * *

"His productions are ready for the Press, and he is greatly mistaken if he has not collected a larger number of new medical discoveries, and improvements, than ever was collected in any former period of time, since the world began.

* * * * *

"It was the *Author's* intention, several years ago, to have published the *American Dispensatory*, by subscription, and he accordingly sent forth subscription papers with the names of the late Gen. *Washington*, Gov. *Huntington*, and Dr. *Rush*, and some of the most celebrated characters on the continent, but found a large number of practitioners who esteemed themselves unable to pay for that production only, being, to appearance, not under so good circumstances as our common farmers."

* * * * *

Not a bright picture of the life of an American practitioner a hundred years ago. Our author then tells of the scheme which was proposed of raising money by a lottery to defray the expenses of publication, and how several attempts were made to obtain the consent of the legislature to this plan, but in vain, "other lotteries being in the way."

"But, although lotteries have frequently been given to Colleges, Churches, Congregations, Blacksmiths, and Weavers, yet some have appeared to be opposed to the Physicians' having the benefit of such favors, and this seems very strange!

"At a great expense, and with much care and attention, he has compiled (medical) systems, and is very sorry that he has found so much coldness, deadness, dulness, and backwardness amongst some, who do not incline to promote the increase of medical knowledge in this country.

"Had proper encouragement been

given, these systems might have been chiefly published and spread by this time, and our citizens greatly benefited thereby, not only by having their health restored in a cheaper, easier and more expeditious manner; but by saving their money from being sent to distant countries for medical productions."

Evidently, however, the people of America either did not care to have their health restored in a cheap, easy and expeditious manner, or else this was a case of "a prophet being not without honor, save in his own country," for Dr. Stearns now waxes quite eloquent over his own merits and the foolishness of the folk in failing to recognize them. He attempts to spur them on by comparing them with other peoples, thus:—

"The great utility of the medical art among mankind, has induced almost every nation to cultivate and improve it; it has been greatly encouraged by the Jews, Christians (not by all of them apparently), Turks and heathens, and even by the worst Barbarians, who were fond of promoting their own health and happiness; but, in America we have been too backward, careless and inattentive, in cultivating and improving this useful branch of knowledge. Nay, both the theory and practice of physic, in this country, in the present age, is in such a horrid condition, that we make ourselves a mere laughing-stock amongst the learned in distant nations, for our theory stands greatly in need of reformation and amendment, and every ignorant fellow or paltry gossip is suffered to rush into the practice of medicine, to administer dangerous remedies without weight and without measure, and even to over-run the regular bred physician."

There is sarcasm for you, and yet it is not recorded that, even after this was written, the Americans realized their awful condition.

He brings his preface to an end by assuring his readers that as soon as

physicians are allowed the same privileges as other citizens, regarding lotteries, and a sufficient sum shall have been raised in that way to defray expenses, they will have two other learned productions from his pen. Dr. Stearns then makes his bow to the "Gentlemen of the Faculty" and disappears, only to bob up serenely again on the next page with an

"INTRODUCTION TO THE MASTERS AND MISTRESSES OF FAMILIES."

He proceeds to remind them that "next to their everlasting salvation, their health demands their most serious and candid attention."

"In order to promote your health and happiness, the *Author* hereby presents you (for a consideration, of course), with the first American Herbal ever compiled in America. It is written in such plain and easy style that those who are acquainted with the English language can easily understand; but it ought to be published in the German, French, Spanish, and other languages, for the information of all the different Nations who inhabit North and South America, including the West Indies."

It will be observed that Dr. Stearns has the interests of humanity too much at heart to be afflicted with any false modesty. He says in effect, later on, that no family can afford to do without this Herbal; even the children and servants should share its benefits.

"Every man and woman ought to be their own physician in some measure. . . . They ought to wear proper clothing, keep clean, avoid intemperance, sloth, and idleness; use gentle exercise, a nutritious diet, and keep the passions of the mind in a state of tranquillity.

"These things ought to be observed by all persons endowed with rational powers and faculties; and if their health is impaired and they attempt to administer remedies themselves, they ought to be thoroughly acquaint-

ed with the nature of the disease and the qualities of the medicines they exhibit, otherwise they may do more harm than good."

Then, to prevent anyone having too good an opinion of himself after absorbing this invaluable "Herbal," he reminds his readers that "the study of this book alone will by no means make a man a complete physician, for much more learning will be requisite before that great and important work can be accomplished.

"I shall, therefore, earnestly recommend to all persons who are not regularly bred physicians, that when they are smitten with dangerous diseases, they lean not too much on their own understandings, nor upon the powers of nature, but apply in season to some skilful physician for relief."

"I thought (here speaketh the true doctor) it was my duty to give you these hints; and after wishing you present felicity and future happiness, subscribe myself, ladies and gentlemen,

Your most obedient and

Very humble servant,

THE AUTHOR."

Then comes a list of subscribers, three of whom, it may be noted, are in Lower Canada: Mr. James Barnard, Montreal; Mr. Elmer Cushing, Ship-ton; and Mr. James Bangs, Stanford. The rest of the names are of general interest only in so far as they are curious and quaint. Scriptural names abound, and Levi, Ezra, Jacob, Reuben, Noah, and Elkanah, are found on every page. Still more curious, however, are such names as Bezaleel, Arunah, Comfort, Submit, Pairla, Abi-ather, Orea, Ono, and Selah. Mr. Ichabod Onion seems to have desired an Herbal, somewhat naturally as one would judge from his name; and Maj. Abiather Joy and Captain Zerubbabel Eager, appear to have found that one required to know how to cure as well as kill. Mr. Alpheus Bugbee, Mr. Obediah Joy, Mrs. Submit Huggins,

Deacon Moses Chamberlain, Mr. Aholiaz Sawyer, Dr. Medad Pomeroy and Hon. Col. Jona Grout, were also amongst those who allowed themselves to be overcome by the wiles of the crafty book-agent, or whatever torture they had in those days to supply the place of one. Let us hope that they profited by the good things set forth for their edification in this valuable manual.

The "Herbal" is arranged alphabetically, and no invidious distinctions are made between animals and vegetables, or the latter and minerals. All is grist that comes to the mill of S. Stearns, LL.D. Just why it should have been called an Herbal is not quite clear, but, presumably, it was because "the country people," of whom our author speaks so much, would have been inclined to regard a book called simply a *Materia Medica*, as of an extremely doubtful and correspondingly uncanny nature. However this may be, Dr. Stearns begins with "Abanga, the fruit of a palm-tree," and goes clear through the alphabet to "Zinc—a semi-metal... extracted from the lapis calaminaris, which is its ore," and concludes in a blaze of glory with an "Indian cure for a Cancer," in which, by the way, the preparation employed is not given. Presumably, those suffering from cancer were to apply to Mr. Stearns for further particulars, and that benefactor of the "human species" would furnish them for a professional fee.

Just why some items are inserted, it is hard to see. For instance, he says: "There are a great many kinds of clay, as the white, brown, grey, blue, yellow, green, red, black, etc. Clay is not only used by potters in making earthenware, but by brick-makers, masons, or bricklayers; and also by farmers, for manure, etc. But it does not seem to be much used in medicine." One is inclined to wonder how he resisted the temptation to put in such things as "Potato-mashers, used by cooks, quarrelsome husbands, and th-

ers, but not much use in medicine, except, it may be, as *counter-irritants*;" or "House—side of—occasionally falls, and, by causing fractures, gives employment to surgeons; otherwise not much used in medicine!" In the same curious category might also be included Mr. Stearns' note on coal mines: "We have some excellent coal mines in America . . . but I have never heard of their being used in medicine." There was reason for thankfulness in this. It would surely have been a rather cumbersome remedy for an ordinary physician to carry about with him, and the internal application of one would seem to have been fraught with some danger. The "Gentlemen of the Faculty" will also be pleased to learn that "Crystals, which are a very large class of fossils, and have been used as astringents and dentifrices, have been found to wear away the enamel of the teeth . . . and as they are lately found to be indigestible in the human stomach, all pretension to their value is rejected."

"*Earth-worms and toad-stools*" are, too, we find, "not much used in present practice." *Apropos* of toad-stools, we should like to quote our author's article on *Frogs*, which contains some valuable information:

"There are divers (Is that a pun, Mr. Stearns?) kinds of frogs, as the common frog, the bull-frog, the speckled frog, and the tree frog.

"The bull-frog makes a noise that resembles the roaring of a bull at a distance, whence the name. It frequently swallows young duck or water-fowls. The tree-frog lives in trees.

"The common frog was formerly used as an antidote against the bites of serpents (Were they used *al fresco* or cooked, externally applied, or administered in the form of tincture of batrachian? Oh shade of Stearns!) for stiffness of tendons, etc. (Note the survival of this usage in the ways of the small boy with his prim young lady sister), but it is now out of use."

Our author shines most on the field

of history. He evidently knew more of plants than of animals, and consequently is most entertaining when discoursing on the latter. We are told that "Geese are very beneficial to the human species on account of their eggs, feathers and quills," and that a fox, which we somehow naturally associate with geese, however disagreeable such company may be for the geese, "in his first year is called a cub, in his second a young fox, and afterwards an old fox." All of which is no doubt most interesting and improving, but must have been somewhat trying to the tempers of our ancestors, who would expect to find some medicinal value in these animals. But none is given. Then again we are informed that the "hare has an abrupt tail, not used in present practice," and also that the hornet "has a sting in its tail." "Hornet stings are troublesome," he says, "for when they (the stings?) are enraged, they strike mankind with great violence; and a pain, inflammation, and swelling follows." (*sic*)

The medical qualities of the ant, and its remarkable productions, are, we find, not fully known. "A teaspoonful of them is, however, recommended in some diseases. A scruple of *cobweb* before and after a fit of the ague has been given with success," but Mr. Stearns believes there are better medicines than these for controlling hæmorrhage.

The herbalist dwells at some length on the composition and virtues of various *salutary* drinks, taking care, however, to be strictly non-committal in his praise of each. He "has heard that this one was salutary," and "has been informed" by Mr. — that another 'was of use' in certain cases," so we may be quite sure that, so far as the learned gentleman himself was concerned, one drink was very much the same as another, unless we might be permitted to make an exception in favor of "Punch," on which he seems to dwell somewhat affectionately.

"Punch," he says, "is an agreeable liquor made of water (of course, water is the main constituent), lemon-juice and fine sugar, and this liquor alone is called sherbet; to which, if a sufficient quantity of rum or brandy be added, it commences punch." We are rather at a loss to understand "commences punch," but presume that on the addition of more rum or brandy it would become a finished punch. "Some," goes on Mr. Stearns, "instead of lemon-juice use lime-juice, which makes what is called *punch-royal*. This is found less liable to affect the head (of course it was the lemon-juice in the first instance that went to the head), and more grateful to the stomach, according to some people." Oh, modest Mr. Stearns! "according to some people!"

"Some also make milk punch by adding as much milk to the sherbet as there is water.—Others use green tea instead of water; and *chamber maids'* punch is made without any water or lime-juice, twice as much white wine as lime-juice, and four times as much brandy with sugar.

Too frequent use of it may be injurious. Some say it is prejudicial to the brain and nervous system." Could anything be more graceful than the accidental way in which the intoxicants find their way into the mixture? Apparently the rum and brandy are merely put in as an after-thought, and in *chamber maids'* punch, which one would naturally suppose to be a very mild tippie indeed, it is broken to us gently that there is neither water nor lime-juice, and as these were the only other two constituents of the former compounds, we are forced to the conclusion that white wine and brandy are the only ingredients employed. And just here also is a nice little mathematical calculation. Mr. Stearns says there is *no* lime-juice used, and then specifies that "twice as much white wine as lime-juice, and four times as much brandy," are to be added. Now, are twice and four times

nothing—nothing, or as much as you like?

Then "Toddy" comes in for a share of notice. "It is called a salutary liquor, and especially in the summer season, if it be drank with moderation." This liquor is prepared by adding to three-half-pints of water, one of rum or brandy, a little sugar, and, after stirring, a little nutmeg."

"Flip" comes next, and receives its due share of attention. "It is made by putting a spoonful of brown sugar into about five or six quarts of malt beer, which is then warmed by putting a hot iron into it, called a logger-head; afterwards half-a-pint of rum or brandy is added, and the mixture well stirred with a spoon. This quantity is enough for four men. It is nourishing and strengthening, but in some constitutions it excites a pain in the head, and also corpulency."

At last, however, of "Rum" Mr.

Stearns confesses to have some personal knowledge, for he says "he bought two hogsheads of rum in Salem, and that they were carried to sea, and when they were returned the flavor was much improved.

"Good rum properly diluted with water, sweetened with sugar, and drank with moderation, strengthens the lax fibres, incrassates the thin fluids, and warms the habit. But rum, drank to excess, produces drunkenness, tremors, palsies, apoplexies, and a train of other disorders which often prove fatal. Add to this the poverty and distress of families."

Perhaps Mr. Stearns' inward monitor began at this time to upbraid him for having dwelt so long and so lovingly on *salutary* drinks, and so does mine for having quoted him at such length; the only excuse being found in the unconscious humor of the learned gentleman's descriptions.



PYTHAGOREAN FANCIES.

BY H. ARTHUR.

I—A DAY-DREAM OF IMMORTALITY.

A GENERAL belief must have a foundation in fact. Who has not heard of the wide-spread traditions, among all races, of a deluge, and of the argument therefrom in favor of the ark, or of the curious precocity of children, who utter thoughts they can hardly have derived from their surroundings, but seem like reminiscences of a former life?

The writer had some coins melted in a crucible, and poured into an ingot mould. On the paper-weight before him, the old coats of arms are traceable; the image and superscription is not quite effaced. Is it more difficult for the soul to retain consciousness of a prior incarnation, after passing through the alembic of the tomb, than for minted metal to keep the impress of the die after seething in the furnace of the smelter?

Dreaming thus of the analogies of the material and immaterial worlds—quasi verities, sophistries, I know not what—a shape stood there before me of a man with whom on such subjects I had oftentimes conversed. As I had known him he appeared, not with unearthly pallor, diaphanous drapery or flowing beard, but with clear complexion and the warm, fresh color of life, though his body had long been resting in an honored grave. His well-fitting dress showed the familiar bright strip of ribbon in the lapel, which testified to the enlightened appreciation of his attainments by a foreign government.

"I was just thinking, Chevalier," said I, "of your theory that the earth and all the worlds are living organisms. You were fond of saying that the subterranean drainage channels of

the waters are like veins in other animate beings, and that metals are even now being sorted out from their solutions and deposited in certain layers, even as flesh and bone are being created and re-created in the organic bodies all around us."

"You are still busy upon the old problem," he replied. "I knew it, for I see the impress of recent as well as former thoughts upon your brain. They are like assorted photographs, and though you can only examine them one by one, I perceive them all—an interesting panorama."

Our conversation began thus easily. I felt no wonder, no alarm. Indeed, I should have greeted him in life with more effusiveness, and taken the visit less as a matter of course.

"I must rejoice," he quietly continued, "in my power of observation and perception. I no longer merely think; I know. How I enjoy the expansion of view that dawns upon me!"

This seemed a little eerie, so I roused myself and asked if he had found fresh proofs to support his theory of a living world. Only now did I become conscious that I was conversing with a soul no longer tied to mortal elements, and I muttered something about evidence—what evidence of his old views could he now advance?

"Evidence," he smiled, "I want no evidence. I perceive; I am convinced; I know. Nothing seems to be; it *is*. My fancies, then, are now, in great part, facts."

I began to wonder why I was thus honored with an interview; but before I could frame my question—"Will power," he broke in, as if anticipating me—"will power is the

secret, first, last, and forever—the will of the unnumbered beings of which you consist and by which you are moved. You are not one; you are an innumerable family of atoms, whose lives are never extinguished, whose loves are sempiternal.”

“Fine words,” I thought. “You always liked sonorous vocables. But what on earth or in limbo can you mean by the loves of a molecule?”

“Just what’s meant,” said he, “by the love, affection, wish, affinity—call it what you will—of human beings. Do not the particles of iron that escape in fumes from factory chimneys find their way, by their volition, to mines, with other iron particles dissolved out of decaying mosses or become discrete by other means? There are, there must needs be, many stages in their journey, in which Time scarcely counts at all, but in the end they will be reunited in another bed of iron ore. From the ocean, that huge reservoir of all the salts, the various layers of land are, like sponges, soaking up seas of water, each choosing for assimilation its fitting element. Gold and silver are the chosen metals now which perhaps influence men, those parasites upon the surface of the globe, who think themselves all puissant, yet are no more than a sort of *acarus* upon its crust. Thus does the earth feed upon and constantly recreate or reconstitute itself. Thus does life ever seek out like, and affinity rule the universe as well as the lives of men.”

“You speak depreciatingly of men,” quoth I. “That is curious, for you did not lack for honors while among us. And how do you like being a disembodied soul?”

“I cannot tell,” was the unexpected answer. “This is my first experience of the sensation. I can see, that is, I infer and know from your brain, that I have been some years separated from you, but the intervening years are blank. Nothing is further from facts, than the com-

mon ideas about disembodied spirits. Can you really think it possible that a spirit sleeps or rests, hears, sees, smells, feels or tastes? that, without organs, it moves, speaks, exercises force? You think, perhaps, you are now seeing a shape and hearing a familiar voice. It is to you an illusion: you believe you see and hear, but it is the stuff that dreams are made of. No spirit, among spirits, can need or take work or repose; it must think on, think ever. Thus it must become or be omniscient, or, at least, all-knowing along its allotted lines, if there be a limitation; even as the space between the lines which enclose an angle is infinite in one direction. Can such a spirit be possible, apart from Deity? No. The soul must become an inseparable part of the divine essence; and what it must become, it has always been and is. Thus, all spirit can be but one. For a time, matter enthrals some portions, or, rather, emanations of the spirit are materialized. This function of the divine essence is called life, the inscrutable object of which who knows? When kindly death ends the existence of a being whose pains and weakness have made life undesirable, not only does the bond of unity between soul and body end, but sentient existence, by which I mean that consciousness of being called independence, ends for both.”

“How then came you here, you metaphysical thing?” I at once enquired, though, I suppose, I did not speak aloud, but thought I spoke.

“You are brusque,” he said. “Let me proceed. I did not say existence would not recommence. There is a sum of spiritual essence as there is of matter. If you light a match the carbon burns, but in time it will return to be another pine, another saw-log, another match. So, too, with what I must call the particles of soul. Some will be wedded to or cause to be formed another body in another cycle, while in a great cycle, like that referred to by Cicero in his *Dream of*

Scipio, there will again be a very similar soul,—in short, the same spirit in a similar body: that is, a Resurrection."

"Your pardon, friend," I cried. "How then come you here, the same in speech and figure as a dozen years ago, and similar in thought? The single cycle cannot be so short; the cycle of cycles must be almost an eternity!"

"Quite true," quoth he. "You remember Virgil,—

'Has omnes ubi mille rotam volvere per annos
Lerneum ad flumen Deus evocat agmine magno.
Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant,
Rursus et incipiant in corpora nulle reverti.'

"The bard well knew that a thousand years had to elapse before the souls wanted to return from hell to upper air. Am I here by my own wish? No, by yours. Your thoughts about my theories set up something like a point of crystallization, and, as in a chemical solution, a crystal forms, so on your thoughts my spiritual being has renewed itself. A few moments ago I was not; you have re-created me. I am; I think; I remember; I know. I am possessed of the knowledge of the present and the past, but I know that in a few moments I shall cease to be. Your wandering mind will no longer be a centre of compulsion, and no such combination of events as that which has permitted me for the time to exist again to you and to myself will ever recur."

"Is this, then," I asked, "the promised immortality?"

"Immortality?" he cried. "How often must I repeat that all things are immortal; that immortality is but a phase of life, as life is but a phase of immortality. Does not the weed whose seeds are scattered to the winds again live, again feel the spring breeze fan its tender leaves, again unfold its petals to the sun, ripen its seeds, and thus forever endure? Is not all life

transmitted thus, ever nearing perfect adaptations? Ask the biologist if even his microscopic cells, ever sub-dividing, are not immortal?"

"I glimpse your reasoning," I mused, "as in a glass, darkly. Strange that a half unconscious effort of my memory should thus recall your spirit into being, re-unite or re-crystallize the particles of your soul. Memory is —"

"Memory," he whispered, or suggested (which it was I cannot tell), "is the seed of life, nay, more, it alone is life. When I am forgotten, my name quite faded, I cannot be thus recalled to an unsatisfactory kind of ghostship, but I shall be free to live, in time, a new existence, and, under some other name, become a child again. Oh, happiness ineffable! New joys, new life, new friends! Old jealousies, hatreds, old musty knowledge gone! Yet some, 'tis thought, remember, in the new existence, a little of the old, not having drunk of Lethe quite so deeply as the rest. Pythagoras felt that he had lived during the Trojan war, when he was—was it not Alectryon?"

"Bother Pythagoras," I blurted out, shaking my head, to clear my thoughts for some more queries. It was a fatal act. The vision faded slowly like a dissolving view upon a screen. Some motes in a sunbeam that had strayed into my study, alone marked the place where I had so distinctly seen my departed friend.

II.—REAL AND IMAGINARY SOUNDS.

I saw the shape; no doubt of that. An illusion it may have been, but I recall with certainty its color and form. When I think of the voice, I cannot be so sure. I understood it, but I cannot affirm that it was soft or hoarse, musical or noisy. Does any one hear voices in a dream? I cannot answer for myself, as yet. Can you—and you? Next time we dream let us try, at waking, to remember the sounds we suppose we heard. Meanwhile I hold that a dream is rightly called a vision, be-

cause imaginary sight is its sole characteristic, the images being like marionettes, which move, suggest words, but never even seem to utter any.

Pantagruel and Panurge, with all their jolly party, are sent by Rabelais on a cruise, well out to sea. They are chatting and laughing, when up jumps Pantagruel (the son of Gargantua), and looking around, quite anxiously, "Don't you hear something?" he asks. "I hear voices in the air, but I see nothing. Listen, all of you." "And we listened," says the historian, "listened with ears like the *other* half shells of oysters, and we even put our hands behind our ears, palms outward, as Emperor Antoninus used to do. At first we could hear nothing at all, but, as Pantagruel said he heard something, we kept on, and finished by doing the same. The longer we listened the more we heard, even to whole words, which alarmed us very much, and no wonder, for though we saw nothing we heard men shouting, women crying, and horses neighing and screaming, until Panurge cried, 'It is sorecery; we are lost. Let us sheer off! Friar John, my friend, stand by me. Have you your sword? Take care it does not stick on the sheath. (He tries it). That's not half drawn. We are lost, I say. Hark! There are cannon shots, by Jove! Let us sail away, row away, anything to get out of this. (I never have the least courage at sea, but lots of it in the cellar and other places.) Let us turn tail (not that I am afraid; I fear nothing but danger.) Let us be off. Right about face. Turn the tiller, you son of a sea cow. Would to God I were on dry land, though I had to vow I'd be a bachelor all my life! Let us get off. . . we don't belong to them. They are ten to our one, I assure you. They are on their own dung-hill too; we don't know the lie of the land. They will kill us, sure: we need not be ashamed to run away, because, as says Demosthenes, 'he who runs away may live to fight an-

other day.'" Let us at least make a strategic movement to the rear. Haul away. Down with your helm. Look to the booms. Ware the lines,—we are dead men else. By all the devils, let us be off!"

Pantagruel, hearing all the outcry, asked who the skulker was. "For," said he, "we ought first to find out who these people are. Perhaps they are our own folk. I can't see any one yet, though there must be a hundred thousand all around! I once read that a philosopher named Petronius thought there were several worlds, touching one another like equilateral triangles, apex to apex, in the centre of which was the dwelling of Truth, where abode words, ideas, and the exemplars and portraits of all things past and future, while around them was the Cycle. In certain years, at long intervals, a portion of them fell upon the human race, as falls the influenza, or as fell the dew upon the fleece of Gideon, while other portions were reserved until the end of the cycle. I remember that Aristotle calls the words of Homer swift, leaping, flying; so they must be living. Antiphanes, too, says Plato's doctrine of words is of the same kind, because in winter, in some countries, they are frozen as they are uttered, and not heard at all. Thus Plato taught children things they could not understand until they grew old. We ought to philosophize and think if this is not the place where such words thaw out. Should we not be delighted if we found the head and the lyre of Orpheus, which the Thracian women, who tore that singer to bits, threw into the Hebrus, which floated them to the Black Sea and so on to Lesbos, and the head was always uttering a mournful chant, as if lamenting Orpheus' death, while the lyre, among whose strings the winds were playing, made harmony for the song. Let us try to find them somewhere hereabouts."

Find the Orphic lyre, indeed! Since

the Thracian women destroyed the spirit of song, Orpheus has not been again incarnate. Scrawny females, in this or that conventicle, with their so-called hymns and anthems, are murdering him still. What absurdities we are guilty of, even in this nineteenth century, pandering in all things to the low average of the poor mass of us, instead of crying *Excelsior*, and aiming high. Our northern throats are raucous at their best, save now and then a Jenny Lind's or an Emma Juch's, yet we permit such wretchedness as congregational singing. By Saint Cecilia, it is tough to have to endure the croaking of the poll, if one's ears are at all attuned to softer melody and sweeter harmony! What makes these folks take part in such a Brekekoax chorus? Not a bricklayer or grocer, not a barrister or doctor, can carry on his trade or calling without due apprenticeship, but every vulgar snob, under the pretence of worship, is allowed to mouth a travesty of music, and level things divine to the standard of a pot-house song. Small wonder that organs are in fashion, for they serve, like the drums and cymbals of a Turkish band, to drown a horrible din.

"Hin, hin, hin, hin, his, tic, tac, brededin, brededac, fr, fr, fr, fr, bon, bon, bon, trr, trr, trrr, on, on, on, on."

—such were the sounds they say they heard on Pantagruel's ship: the noise of horses and the shock of a charge. They anticipated Professor Garner in his study of the language of monkeys and other animals, and that without a phonograph. Barbarians were the people who said "Ba, ba, ba," for speech. Why does not Garner visit our churches with his phonograph, instead of spending his energies in Africa?

Thracian women! Rabelais seems rightly to understand the Orphic myth. How could such melancholy folk appreciate true song? When a child was born to them, the relatives used to condole with (not congratulate) the parents; they would weep and howl at the prospect of misery that was before the infant, and would rejoice when a friend died, because he was delivered from the misfortune and wretchedness of life! Some of these Thracians were polygamists, and when the man died, the wives used to dispute which of them had been the best beloved, for she was privileged to slay herself on her husband's tomb. Herodotus (iv. 93), calls the best of them an ignorant lot. I wonder if the Serbs and Roumanians have had the Orphic murder sufficiently revenged upon them, and if their hate has yet turned to respectful love?



A GLIMPSE OF PORTLAND, MAINE, AND ITS ENVIRONS.

BY ROBERT E. NOBLE.

LAST summer, my doctor, who, by the way, is a very old and valued friend, in addition to being my medical adviser, and who takes advantage of that fact to order me around in the most imperious and autocratic fashion, informed me that I was "run down," "overworked," and "in need of a good rest and a change of air and scene."

I am free to own that I believe he was, in the main, right, although at the time I protested vigorously against what I considered his gratuitous—or, at least uncalled-for—interference in my arrangements, and resented his assertion that I was not in perfect health. But I had, on this occasion, as on not a few others, abundant reason to think that he might be in the right, and I in the wrong.

At any rate, after taking his prescription—which was not in the form of bolus or pill, nor even of regimen—I felt at least 100 per cent. better after I had followed his advice, which, by the way, he couched in the following canine (or medical) Latin:

R. Ite, per G. T. R. viam, ad Montreal—inde ad Richmond. Inde ad Portland—Super-mare.

Ibi mosare, circumambula, et circumspice, et invenies quid in tota re sit. Id est quid.

JOSEPH S——, M.D.

I read the prescription and followed it—principally because I wanted to see what Portland was like, and the scenery around it. I have a friend who, since he visited that part of Maine, two years before, had never ceased to "deave" me, as the Scotch say, about the charms of the place, and had taken every opportunity, when my conversation turned on the different pleasant spots I had visited on this and other continents, of interjecting

the curt and highly irritating remark: "Ah! but, Noble, you never saw Portland and Casco Bay."

So, to get even with my friend, the party of the second part, I took the advice of my friend, the party of the first part, the doctor aforesaid, and I went to Portland.

In order to make sure of the route, and the hours of departure and arrival of the trains, I went to see my friend, Mr. M. C. Dickson, the district passenger agent of the road designated—the Grand Trunk—in the prescription. That courteous gentleman not only supplied me with the information I wanted, but, by giving me a picturesque description of the various points of interest, both in Canada and the United States, with which the Grand Trunk makes regular and easy connections, convinced me that for variety of scenic attractions and facilities of recuperation for those in search of health there is no line on the continent like the Grand Trunk Railway. I have, in my time, tested them all, and I am free to own that I have found no reason, so far, to disagree in the very slightest particular with Mr. Dickson's judgment.

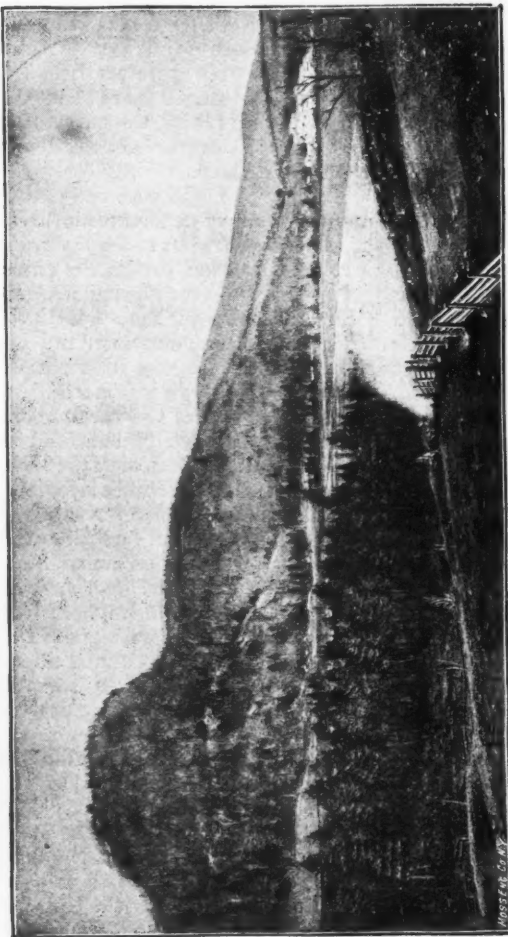
I need not say much, if anything, regarding the run from Toronto to Montreal over the Grand Trunk. Very many of the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE are familiar with Hamilton (and its "mountain"); with Niagara (and its cataracts); with Kingston (and its limestone); and with Montreal (and its commerce, and the beautiful vista seen from Mount Royal). It will suffice to say that I passed over the route in the enjoyment of every comfort, and received, at the hands of the officials of the company, every possible courtesy and accommodation.

I have this much to say, however, that the last portion of the journey, through Uncle Sam's domain, was not as attractive as that which was traversed in Canada. There is nothing very conspicuously attractive, along

and the coast, all that is changed. Then, indeed, sameness ceases, and there appears that diversity, characteristic of almost all the shores on which the surges of the Atlantic beat, and which shows such a marked and

picturesque contrast to the cliffs and shores which the less urgent and more leisurely waves of the Pacific have shaped and moulded. The scenery in and around Portland is, in short, such as could not fail to delight the eye of the artist who seeks for, and revels in, picturesque "bits." Every cliff is a study, with its shifting changes of shade and coloring, and every bay, with its background of wooded slope and hill, a choice specimen of Nature's fairest handiwork when she is "in the mood" and at her best.

Of course, I am not to be understood as saying that the whole of the scenic beauty of my trip, from the time we left Canadian soil, was focussed in Portland and its vicinity. "The Devil's Slide," for example, is a very striking and a weird piece of scenery, formed by a rugged and al-



DEVIL'S SLIDE.

the route, in the scenery of "The Green Mountain State," and it requires something of an effort to get up very much enthusiasm in the contemplation of the scenery passed in New Hampshire, or that in the state of the great Blaine. But, when we reach Portland

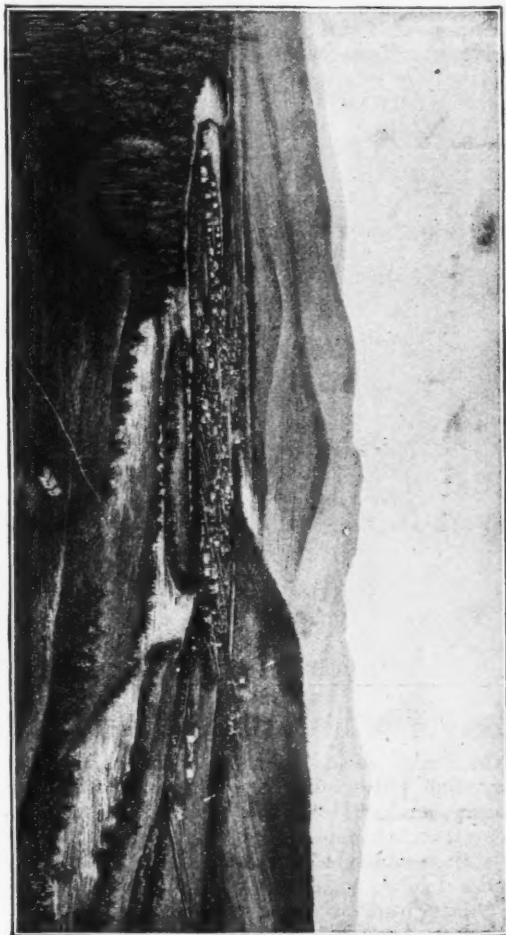
most precipitous rock, rising over, and mirrored in a beautiful tree-margined lake below. A very fine piece of broken water on the Androscoggin river, known as "Berlin Falls," is deserving of more than a passing notice. There are, too, here and there, along

the same river, numerous bits of beautiful landscape, formed by the windings of the river, fringed with a luxuriant growth of trees and underwood, and these it will well repay the visitor, who has time on his hands, and an eye for the picturesque in his head, to see.

But, as I have already said, it is only when we reach Portland and the coast that we feel that the scenic climax is capped, and that all of the beautiful and the romantic that could be expected is spread out before us.

The approaches to the city, from seawards, are beautiful exceedingly. The steep cliffs, against which the surges of the stormy Atlantic beat incessantly, are seamed and carved with the Runic characters which the waves trace, and which tell the story of the incessant attack and repulse of the billows through the passing centuries. White Head, Cushing Island, is a fine sample of this form of rock-writing. The lower but not less scarred and indented rocks on which Portland Light-house is built, furnish another, and when these are passed, we enter into a scene, or rather a succession of scenes, of ideal loveliness. Every cove and bay around the harbor is a gem, both in itself and in its setting. Perhaps the most beautiful of these, and the most delightful as a resort, both from its surroundings and the excellent sport which the fisher-

man can always get there, is Great Diamond Island Cove—though there are many others which will be found quite as pleasant to choose for a haunt. In fact, it is quite impossible, in the space at my disposal, to give the reader even a slight idea of the number-



CORHAM, N. H. THE GATEWAY TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

less spots where the visitor can enjoy what is amongst the most beautiful scenery on the continent, and at the same time inhale health from every breeze that fans his cheek. It must suffice to enumerate a few of the more

notable, and to advise the reader, that when he has a fortnight or more to spare, to spend the time in visiting the spots which I went to see, and the charms of which I shall never forget.

Cunner Rock, on Long Island, exemplifies the grandeur of a heavy surf, beating itself into spray against an immovable wall of adamant, and churning itself into froth and spume, as it recoils from the ineffectual impact, only to return to the charge, and again be repulsed.

many attractions that one is almost compelled to stop off at each place for a time, in order to more fully explore and enjoy their obvious charms.

Across Hussy's Sound from Peak's Island is Long Island, which has beauties peculiarly its own, and is the favorite camping and manœuvring ground of the military of the adjoining country. A large number of the "boys in blue" were encamped there when I visited it.

At Orr's Island is to be had, per-



ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER, NEAR BERLIN.

On Peak's Island there are some very fine pieces of rock and cliff scenery, and the "cunner" fishing along its coast is splendid.

In the beautiful Casco Bay is Mackworth Island, to see which alone would be worth the whole journey. Along the foreshores of Falmouth and Yarmouth, the visitor sees, opening up before him, in endless succession, coves and sheltered bays of the most bewildering, because most varied, beauty, and Prince's Point, Brickman's Point, and Cousen's Island, present so

haps, the very best fishing on the coast, and it is even said that, so numerous are the fish, and so heavy the catches made by the fishermen, there is never any occasion for fishermen to draw upon their imaginations.

Perhaps the very finest piece of wave-washed rock scenery in the whole neighborhood is at Thunder Cave, on Bailey's Island, and certainly the most impressive of the rock-work unwashed by the sea, are the "Giant Steps," on the same island. So vast are those masses of terraced stone that

human beings, when picking their way from one shelf to another, are dwarfed into insignificance. It is a wide stairway of unspeakably grand proportions, and suggestive of the days when "there were giants in the land."

Orr's Island, it will be remembered, is the scene of one of Mrs. Stowe's stories: "The Pearl of Orr's Island;" and at Harpswell, another point well worth visiting, and within easy reach

A visitor to Portland should not, if time permits, miss "doing" the White Mountains, the monarch of which is Mount Washington. The lesser peaks are named after other occupants of the Presidential chair. The range is easy of access from Portland. The Grand Trunk train lands the visitor at Gorham, whence he is drawn up "the glen" in a six-in-hand tally-ho coach, and enjoys, what is now a very rare



BERLIN FALLS, ON THE ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER.

of Portland, is the scene of the incident on which is founded Whittier's beautiful ballad of "The Dead Ship of Harpswell."

Cushing's Island is a gem in itself. Embosomed in the beautiful Casco Bay, and rising well above the sea-level, it affords an unrivalled view of bay and shore, with mountains rounding off the scene at the horizon. It is unrivalled for the purity and invigorating qualities of its atmosphere.

thing, a bit of "mountain staging." The party with which I visited the mountains, as we stood on the veranda of the "Glen House," (since, I regret to learn, destroyed by fire), agreed that they had never seen more impressive mountain scenery, and, indeed, the view of the giant peaks which is had from that point is, under almost any atmospheric condition, one that imprints itself in unfading colors on the memory. The five greatest peaks of



EMERALD POOL.

the range are visible at one *coup d'oeil*, namely, Washington, Clay, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, and each is seen from base to summit without obstruction by intervening hills.

Among the picturesque points which we visited in the neighborhood of the mountains may be mentioned, Crystal Cascade, Glen Ellis Falls, Thompson's Falls, and Emerald Pool.

Of course we ascended to the summit of Mount Washington by the railway, a marvellous piece of engineering, and affording an experience which was unique, so far, at least, as I was concerned. We returned by the carriage road which ascends to the summit from the Glen, and found the drive delightful, the magnificent views that burst upon our gaze at every turn of the road being worth going ten times the distance to see.

Of course, I cannot "begin to" tell the reader a tenth part of the points of interest to be found among the White Hills, but they are easily found,

and the facilities for reaching them are all that can be desired. I was very sorry that the time at my disposal was too short to explore them as fully as I could have wished, but I came away with my memory stored with vivid recollections of beauty and grandeur.

My headquarters, during my sojourn on the coast, was Portland, but I cannot say that much of my time was spent in the city, so numerous and so alluring were the attractions of the surrounding country. Indeed, I spent far too little time in what Longfellow calls "The Beautiful City by the Sea," to do anything like justice to it in a description. It is, in very truth, one of the loveliest cities in America. "Beautiful for situation" it undoubtedly is, for it stands on an ideal site, and it is well laid out. The architects, too, of its buildings public and private, seemed to have been, without exception, inspired with a sense of the necessity of keeping the

edifices in harmony of design with the beauty of the site. Standing on a lofty promontory, with a bay on each side, it has every advantage of a picturesque position, and every facility for perfect sanitation. No wonder, then, that it attracts the traveller for pleasure and the invalid in search of health. Its climate, too, in summer, leaves nothing to be desired. Its water is as pure as water can be, being brought from Sebago Lake, seventeen miles distant. Its sewerage system is as nearly perfect as the fine situation of the city can make it. No wonder that it is spoken of as "the cleanest city of America." It thoroughly deserves the name.

As has been already stated, the city is beautifully laid out, and the buildings are in excellent taste, and are substantial in structure. The public buildings are models of what a progressive city should have, and there are a great many exceedingly handsome private residences, betokening both the wealth and the refined taste of the occupants.

It is, of course, unnecessary to say that the city is possessed of every modern improvement, and that the visitor has the means of enjoying every advantage and comfort that can be found in any large city. In addition to this, I may say that the man of limited means can find accommodation in Portland to suit his pocket; for, while those with expensive tastes are amply provided for in very fine hotels, there are a large number of less pretentious hostelrys where a man can live about as cheaply as he can in his own home.

Among the many objects of interest to the visitor in the city may be noted the house, at the corner of Fore and Hancock streets, where Longfellow was born; the Wadsworth Mansion, (where the poet lived, and where the Longfellow family still live), next to the Preble House, on Congress street; the Longfellow monument on State Street Square, and the monument to

the soldier Sons of Portland, who fell fighting for the Union. It is hardly necessary to mention the various public buildings, or the prominent business houses. It is sufficient to say that they compare favorably with any similar edifices in any city on the continent.

But when all is said, Portland's great claim to be a favored resort in the summer rests, and rests securely, on the salubrity of her climate, her bracing, health-laden sea-breezes, and the infinitely varied nature of her surroundings. The environs of the city were fitly described by an admiring visitor recently, as "A Paradise with a Thousand Doors"; and, to be convinced of the propriety of the name, one has only to go along both the Eastern and Western promenades and look around on the panoramas spread before him. It is impossible to give even a proximate idea of the beauty spread out on every hand—the blue sea, dotted with islands clothed with verdure, and crested with balsam-breathing pines; beaches of ideal smoothness and beauty fill the foreground, while, in the distance, the grand White Mountain range rounds off a picture which, once seen, is never forgotten.

I have given the reader but the merest sketch of this lovely city and its surroundings. To fill in the details and to get anything like a true idea of one of the most charming pictures in the world, he must go to Portland and see the country for himself. Instead of only two weeks, let him spend two months there, and, during this time, he can take a pleasant excursion every day, without having to visit the same spot twice, and without incurring much more expense for living, if he be a man of moderate means, than he would at home. He will, moreover, find himself greatly benefited, both mentally and physically, and if, as a result of close contact with nature in some of her fairest and some of her grandest phases, he does

not also find his soul elevated and brought nearer to nature's God than it was before, I shall be greatly in error. Even the brief sojourn I made there did me great good, and I shall certainly, this season again, travel back over my old route to Portland-by-the-

sea, with longer time at my disposal to revisit the scenes of which I only got a glimpse last year, and to explore more of the beauties of what I think is altogether a most delightful country to spend a holiday in.

GABLE ENDS.

A STAMPEDE.

IN October, '91, I was engaged as assistant engineer under a Mr. A——, upon an undertaking of importance near S——, and having completed my operations in the field, I was at this time employed in preparing plans and in otherwise making substantial record of the result of my labors.

Now, the "Dickson Block," in which our officers were located, must have been constructed with a rush, to judge from the gaping cracks in the walls, the warped windows and doors, and floors like the waves of the sea, all evidences of the shrinkage of timber and an unsafe foundation. Shortly before the following little episode occurred, a carpenter had been employed to adjust the doors, so that they could be used as such, and I recollect saying in a jesting manner that some fine day the building would be down about our ears, like a pack of cards, little dreaming that a time would come when such an event would seem a possibility. This particular evening, the labors of the day being over, Tom C——, one of our draughtsmen, and I dined at an Italian restaurant, which we had dubbed "The Hole in the Wall," more from its unprepossessing exterior than anything else, for the fare was decidedly good, and satisfied even Tom, who was quite an epicure in his way. This was a regular resort for men of our craft, and was celebrated for "spiggetti" and other dishes with outlandish names, not to speak of the charms of the dark-eyed little waitress, Mina. After fortifying the inner man and allowing Tom a few extra minutes to whisper sweet nothings to Mina, we strol-

led up F—— Street, where we stumbled across Kent, a mutual acquaintance, who proposed that we should take in the theatre that evening. I agreed, on condition that they would consent to come up to the offices for a few minutes, to enable me to finish some letters. This was acted upon, and was quite a concession on their part, too, considering that our offices were at the top of the building—fifth flat—ten flights of stairs; and, as the elevator had stopped running for the night, we just had to "shank" it the entire distance. To men, however, whose muscles were daily hardened by exercise in the open air, this was a mere nothing, and in a short space of time, we were chatting away quite comfortably in my sanctum. Having completed my tasks, and finding there still remained another forty minutes before theatre time, we decided to smoke it out up there.

I recollect, very well, being seated before a book-case, the upper part of which was filled with books, with two swing doors of glass, and the lower half fitted with receptacles for plans, papers, etc. My chair was tilted back upon two legs; my heels were upon the back of another, and in this most restful attitude, I was pulling away at a big meerschaum and dreamily watching the rings of smoke as they ascended from my lips, curling, wreathing, revolving, and assuming all manner of fantastic shapes. Kent was relating some experiences of his on the Mexican Central Railway among Spanish girls with languishing eyes, tomatoes, tortillas aguardiente, and goodness knows what, mixed in—when, crash!!!—down fell a large steel straightedge that had been leaning against the bookcase, the

glass doors of which flew open, and it became apparent to me that the bookcase itself was swaying to and fro. At the same instant I jumped upon my feet, and felt the whole building trembling and shaking beneath me. The thought flashed through my brain that part of the foundation had given away, and the building was in a state of collapse; in another moment the Dickson Block would be a mass of ruin, of which we should form a part, crushed out of all semblance to humanity.

I have read that those momentarily expecting death have a review of the principal events of their past lives, visions of dear ones to be seen and loved no more, actions we would wish to recall, some hasty words, oh, so deeply regretted. Many such thoughts as these surged through my brain during those few moments of inactivity. Then, glancing at Tom and Kent, who were standing with strained look of fearful expectancy on their faces, as if awaiting the next dread moment that was to hurl them into eternity, I saw Tom's eyes turn to the door, and, then, as if impelled by the same impulse, we simultaneously rushed towards it. I was about two yards in advance, and solely possessed by the thought of escaping from the building. My every muscle thrilled with action, and it seemed as if fear had lent me an almost supernatural quickness of eye and limb, for the way in which we went down those stairs was a perfect wonder, and to this day it seems a miracle that broken bones were not the result.

I jumped two, three, four, yes, five steps at a time, then, at a landing between two flights of steps, grasping the banister with my hand, I swung upon my arm as on a pivot. Never stopping, never slipping, down, down we go, then swing again, then bound down, down. The mad procession at my heels was becoming rapidly augmented as each flat was passed, and the rush and din of those tearing from their offices to join the frantic throng, only seemed to me to be caused by the crushing in and final destruction of the building, spurring me on to additional speed. What a smashing and dashing of doors, and hurrying and scurrying effect! I was unconscious, however, of my now numerous following,

being possessed by the one idea of reaching the street as quickly as my legs would carry me. Here we are, though, at last at the entrance; now the street; and sixteen such bumping, jumping, tearing, breathing, frantic men as streamed out after me across Second-street, never were seen before. Arriving at the other side of the street, a burly guardian of the peace immediately pounced upon me, and a crowd speedily gathered together to learn my offence; they and the policeman evidently regarding me as a thief or culprit of some description, to be chased in that manner. I was, however, too much occupied with my own thoughts just then to notice this; staring intensely at the building we had just vacated so hurriedly, expecting every moment to see it topple over. It did not, however, and there it stands to this day, firm and intact, cracked walls, warped doors, and earthquakes notwithstanding.

Yes, an earthquake had occurred, and although those walking the streets had perceived nothing unusual, in buildings quite a severe shock had been sustained. Explanations being volunteered, my friend the policeman released the grip he had retained upon my arm, and, a proposal being made, we paid a visit to the "Grotto," and indulged in a mild stimulants for the benefit of our shattered nerves. Before leaving, I thanked them one and all for the hearty support they had given me, and expressed the wish that if ever I had the honor of leading another charge, the enemy would be in front and not behind. To which Tom slyly replied that he thought we certainly deserved space in the *Clipper* for a record of time. Having again toiled up those awful stairs, at a much slower rate of speed than when last descending, we obtained our headgear and other necessary toggery, and upon investigation, discovered it was just ten minutes to eight. So we were permitted after all to follow out our original intention, and we enjoyed "The Private Secretary" very much.

DAVID OWEN LEWIS.

A NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD ADAGE.

Let me but write the songs of a nation,
And I care not whose laws they obey,
For the author of "Dear Molly Doolan,"
Gets more than a senator's pay.—P.T.

BOOK NOTICES.

Motley Verses, Grave and Gay. By J. W. Bengough. Toronto: William Briggs.

"A fellow of infinite humour!" cries Hamlet, as he contemplates the skull of the dead jester, and the reviewer of *Motley* may repeat his words, the difference being that the jester still has his head on him, and may yet delight us again with his "quips and cranks." As the title indicates, this collection of Mr. Bengough's papers is of varied color, "mottled," we might call it, without being out of taste. But no one will regret the mingling of grave and gay, and we imagine many who have hitherto only known the witty editor of *Grip* as a comedian, will be so much surprised to find that he is a tragedian also. Remembering some of Mr. Bengough's clever little comedies that appeared in *Grip* during the earlier part of its career, we regret he did not add one or two of them at least to the present collection. Still, *The Late Mr. Columbus* and *Theological Incompatibility*, *Bill Judson*, and *Justice for Ireland*, will sufficiently sustain the author's reputation in the farcical, while the comic setting he has given to social moral questions, show the estimate he holds of the true jester's office.

The pathetic papers show the poet's heart. The *War Cry*, and *Made Whole*, are touching pleas for a higher humanity, and will touch the universal conscience. *The Doomed Ship* is a fine poem, and so is *Jimmie*, the story of an emigrant mother in the Far West, the loss of whose child, on the prairies, affected the poor brain. The ghostly call of the bereaved creature, as she wanders about looking for *Jimmie*, is finely idealized, and Mr. Challoner's masterly drawing of the demented mother, wandering the wide wilderness in search of the lost one, his little shoes and stockings in her hand, is worthy the poem, which would be a telling recitation, if not too painful. *The Charge at Batoche* is the only distinctively patriotic poem in the collection, but it says everything. Many elegiac poems are here collected; politicians, laymen, and philanthropists are in the list. Perhaps the best of them all is that to Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. The tributes to each one of the great names enshrined in these *in memoriam* verses, are all not only appropriate, which is but a small thing to say, but show the poet's largeness of heart and clearness of perception, no shadow of party politics obscuring the tender light he has thrown upon each sad memory.

Not an unimportant value is given this volume by the illustrations. To some the comic drawings of Mr. Bengough himself will appeal, to others the portraits of so many prominent Canadians known to us all. The drawing for *Jimmie*, already alluded to, is

good, and Mr. J. D. Kelly's fine picture of *The Doomed Ship*, telling out her tragic tale "Of man's inhumanity"—

To the icebergs, cold and high,
While the trembling polar star
Looks down tearful from afar,
On the frost-encrusted deck
Of the lone and battered wreck,
Where the meditative gulls
Brood upon the whitened skulls.

The final drawings add a particular further artistic value to the volume.

The book is got up in the usual creditable manner of the Briggs' publishing house.

Short Studies in Ethics. An Elementary Text Book for Schools. By Rev. J. O. Miller, M.A., Principal Bishop Ridley College. Toronto: The Bryant Press.

This is a handsome little book of 124 pp. The paper, type and binding are excellent. This much we have pleasure in saying for its mechanical appearance. When we turn to its contents, the bill of fare is full, for a small work. There are twenty-four short chapters on the following topics: Duty, Obedience, Truthfulness, Courage, Purity, Unselfishness, Honesty, Faithfulness, Profanity, Justice, Benevolence, Ambition, Patriotism, Bodily Exercise, Habit, Industry, Self-Control, Self-Reliance, Friendship, Gentleness, Courtesy, Repentance, Character and Conscience. The advice given on all these topics is sound and timely. We would like to see this little book in the hands of every boy and girl. Much good would come from its careful perusal. J. F.

Three friends (Horace L. Tranble, Richard Maurice Buckle and Thomas B. Horned) of Walt Whitman have published a book entitled "In Re Walt Whitman"—a suggestive title. It is a book upon which Canadian thought can afford to spend much time. As a people, we are not thinking. Such thinking as we do takes its direction as the man who is carried off his feet in a crowd determines his course by what is around him, and without reference to anything fixed. In this book huge nuggets of philosophy are thrown at the reader with such directness and violence that he must bestir himself to dodge them or be hit by them. Walt Whitman's poetry is an attempt to unfold the mystery of human existence. All miss his teaching to some extent, some to a considerable extent. This book contains what may be called a course of preparatory reading for him who would grapple with Whitman, and who has heretofore felt unequal to the task. Those who have read at Whitman and have not been rewarded unmeasurably, should read "In Re Walt Whitman," and find there a key to many difficulties. J. M. M.

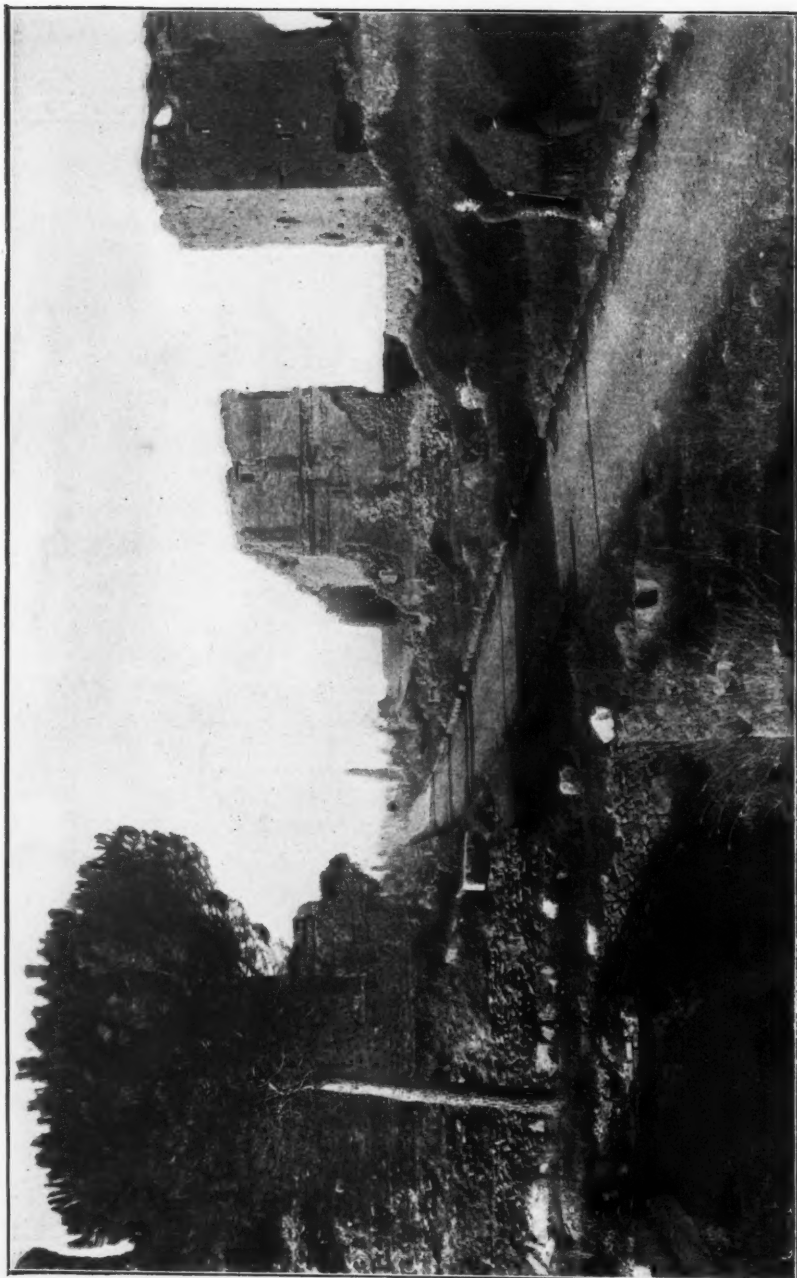
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